THOUGHTS, VISIONS AND SKETCHES OF NORTH LOUISIANA

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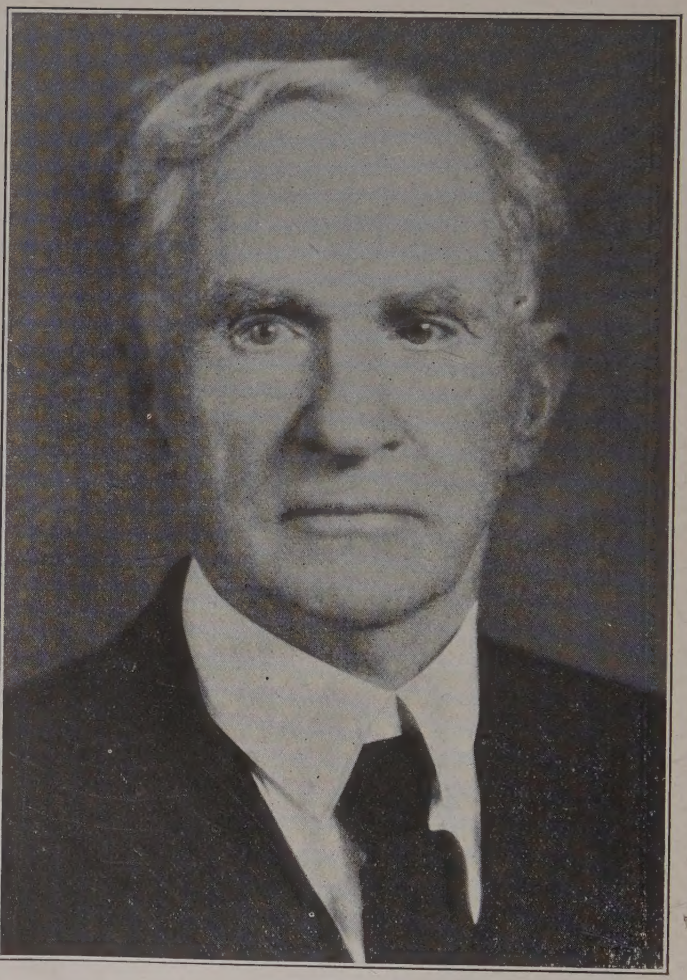

Author

THOUGHTS VISIONS and SKETCHES

of

North Louisiana

By
LUTHER LONGINO, M. D.

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By

L. Longino.

DEDICATION

Knowing in a small way some of the deprivations and hardships endured by the early settlers of this country, and their true worth and stern character, it is therefore in memory of these pioneers and patriots of North Louisiana who built homes, fought wars, espoused the cause of religion and education, gave us this goodly heritage, and made North Louisiana history, that these lines are humbly and affectionately dedicated.

L. L.

PREFACE

The thoughts and sentiments contained in this book came to me from time to time, during hours of idleness and nights of sleeplessness, covering a period of several years, and in my feeble way were given expression and published in the local papers. These topical reviews have been gleaned from those published at different times, and collated, because of the more or less general interest, and presented in book form for the convenience of those who may have already read them and for any reason desire to preserve them, and further hoping to interest boys and girls and others who may chance to read these pages.

This book portrays sentiments of love, humor, mustoms, traditions, ante-bellum history, and sketches of prominent men and women of their day, the forebears of many noted families of North Louisiana.

To introduce this formidable array of topics, nothing could be more natural and appropriate than to begin with those age old subjects: Mother, Childhood and Home, deepen interest in present things, and broaden the perspective of the future, the author of these lines

will be amply repaid for presenting "Thoughts And Visions" to the public.

Just here I would acknowledge the interest and material help of the Police Jury and the School Board extended in this publication. I also express appreciation of aid received through "The History of Claiborne Parish," written by my friend of long ago: B. M. Hulse.

I am deeply grateful for the interest, assistance and personal touch of my friends: D. W. Stewart, Coleman Lindsey, L. K. Watkins, Tully Franks, B. A. Berry, H. W. Garrett, J. D. Willis, H. W. Chesnutt, Miss Eliza Todd, Mrs. Dora Camp and others for much useful information, and kindness while collecting material for the historical section of this book.

I would especially thank Clifford E. Hays for valuable assistance rendered in procuring the pictures shown on these pages.

L. L.

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REVERIES

Mother

Mother

MOTHER

"Mother, come back from that echoless shore,
Take me to your arms as in days of yore."

Why do I keep repeating that beautiful sentiment over and over again on this hot summer day? Mother is gone, and the cooling zephyrs have been softly caressing that little mound above her sacred dust for many, many years. Would I call her back and look into her dear face again, hear her speak words of comfort, and have her move about administering love and cheer as she did long years ago? If I could, I would not, as well as I loved her and much as she meant to my life, no, far be it from me to disturb her sweet repose and rest after the toils and cares of a well spent life is over, but somehow, memory carries me back and paints afresh before my eyes, mother, and all the hallowed associations of the past. Could it be that her constant and unfaltering love that watched over my every footstep when a child, is still looking and directing me from the skies? If you say impossible, then memory will pin back the curtains of old age, and

I shall hold sweet communion with mother on the old plantation home.

It is truly pathetic to follow men far afield in business activities and in the many devious ways of the world, and see them in the quiet and sober moments turn back for inspiration to the old home and mother's memory. I have always thought the boy or girl so fortunate as to have a godly mother had a great advantage over others, who received their ideas of life without the restraining and guiding hand of a loving mother. The little twig as it comes out of the ground, if bent or shaded by its surroundings, will grow into a dwarfed and deformed tree, good for nothing but to be destroyed and burned, while on the other hand, if properly nourished, pruned and trained will grow into a tree giving shade to tired man, and shelter and a home to the birds of the air. So it is with childhood in the rough, it will often run riot and do all kinds of excessive things, and drift out into the danger zone of the high seas. I never see a boy or a girl trampling on the love and affection of a kind mother, but I think of a time soon coming when they would like for the hills and mountains to fall upon them, if by so doing it would only destroy the memory of the past.

The well directed girl and trained boy walks the highway of prudence and wisdom, an ornament in the home, giving joy to the mother and rejoicing the heart of the father. Innocent childhood needs the holy influence of the saintly mother in passing the snares and pitfalls of modern society, and as a further protection on life's stormy sea. Some children have been deprived of these advantages by the death of the mother, and still others, because mother's time is all taken up by the demands of society, leaving none for the training of her children at the very time of life when most needed. These motherless and homeless waifs present a tragic and pitiful class, and our hearts go out to them in their lonely struggle between right and wrong living. Could all mothers understand and realize how the young life revolves around her own in mental perspective, religious zeal, social activities, and finds lodgment in the shaping of the character of her children, surely they would try to project the best and noblest in her life into that of her offspring.

The mother who wastes her time in her God-given mission in frivolity and pleasure seeking, forgetting and failing to do the very best for her children is, of all women, most foolish and to be most pitied. I am happy

to know that most mothers feel their responsibilities, and are measuring up to the moral and social uplift of their children. Mother is the governor in the family machine, she keeps it from running too fast, speeds it up when running too slow, and the true mother brings into the home sunshine, joy, religion and happiness.

Napoleon Bonaparte in the height of his glory, asked Madame de Stael, perhaps the most intellectual woman of her day, what was the greatest thing he could do for his country, and she very promptly replied, "Educate the mothers of France." We all agree with that fine sentiment, if she meant education in its true and larger sense, and we presume she did, for education long ago carried with the word more than knowledge of the sciences and arts, acquaintance with the curriculi of our colleges and universities, but religious zeal, character building, and all the other things that go to make noble man and womanhood. Nothing is more beautiful in life and death than a mother's love and influence on the life and character of her child, and anything small or great that hinders her defeats justice, and the highest purposes of God himself. When we think and view the tragedy of life as exemplified in our own personalities, with its many acute angles and sharp turns in the roadway of life, and then feel the

steadying influence of a mother's memory all along the way we instinctively cry out, "O! mother, thou art living yet and still remembers me."

The Old Home

THE OLD HOME

I stood on the old plantation home site of my early childhood life, while the dew still lingered and glistened on the growing vegetation, giving a freshness and sweetness that pointed back to other days. It had been a long time since I had had the privilege of visiting that sacred shrine where my childhood was spent, living in the sunshine of parental love, and enjoying the companionship of five brothers and a dear sister. I stood, gazed, and wondered, trying to connect back with memories of the past, and like a lost bird in the woods calling to its mate, so I, too, lost, would fain have called back the faces once so familiar to me. Where are my playmates and acquaintances of long ago? I seek their presence and cry out from the madness of my soul, "Where?" and the answer comes echoing and re-echoing down the halls of time, "Nevermore." John Howard Payne's, "Home Sweet Home," that has charmed and thrilled millions of men and women as it was sung around the world, would have fallen that morning on my listening heart like discordant cadences from some gulping cavern. Can

it be possible? Is this the hallowed place where hope and love walk together, and youth and sunshine hand in hand trip gaily up the pathway of life?

The old homestead had been torn down to make room for a new and modern building, and the cruel ravages of time had destroyed many of the trees familiar to me, those left having outgrown my recollection, and seemed to have changed places in and about the yard. Of all the trees around the place only two abide in memory: one an English mulberry, and the other a post oak. I looked for the crepe myrtle that stood near the front door, which so often delighted me with its blossoms when other flowers had withered and fallen but it, too, was gone. I hurried from there out into the orchard where I confidently expected to see familiar scenes, but there cotton and corn was growing, with only a straggling fruit tree here and there, to tantalize and to mutely dispute the orchard's former grandeur. I then rushed down the road to the old hickory nut tree, under whose spreading branches I had gathered many nuts thrashed down by the early autumn winds, and I said to myself, "That friend of my childhood which has defied the storms and lightnings of heaven for a hundred years will not fail me in this hour of my discomfiture," but the great

monarch of the forest, too, was gone, and in vain did I search for a stump or mound to mark the place where it formerly stood. I walked out into the open field in search of something familiar to my childhood life, but even the fields had changed; the hills were too small, the valleys too narrow, and in many places covered with trees. The little creek that ran through the farm, on the banks of which I had often sat by the hour fishing for silver sides and suckers with childish hope and expectations, had dwindled into a mere branch. Tired and worn out by my experiences, I went to the old spring in the dell, where I had quenched my thirst many a time and lain down under the shade of the trees for a short rest, and it was not the same for its location had changed, and its waters were not so cool and satisfying as of old. I retraced my steps slowly up the hillside back to the old home site, and tried in vain to visualize and enjoy a sunset of my childhood days.

In memory, I looked out over the fields of growing cotton and corn, reaching far back to the west, where my childhood saw the great orb of day slowly slipping behind the western horizon, painting the skies with a variety of colors and hues such as no artist could portray, and then, in childish ecstasy, watched the

tinting of the scattered silver lined clouds changing from one kind of fanciful form to another, pleasing and delighting childhood, as we would recognize resemblances to common every day objects, and then name them one by one. Later, it was interesting to observe the shadows stealing up the valleys and the hillsides, finally enveloping the earth, with its millions, in the sable curtains of night and darkness. The sun will continue to set in the west, but to many, because of the remorseless hand of time on everything terrestrial, and of the changed perspective of grown up childhood, those radiant sunsets are gone forever. Despondent and discouraged, I made my way back to the car, and was wheeled back into life and the activities of men, a wiser if not a better man.

Childhood

Childhood

CHILDHOOD

"Mother, O where is that radiant shore
Shall we not seek it and weep it no more?"

It is remarkable how early children begin to think about God, infinity, and heaven, and nothing is more beautiful in all the world than the innocent and confiding trust and love of a child for its mother at this age of its life. We see this illustrated day by day in the lives of children; a child will sit upon its mother's knee, look inquiringly into her face, and ask all kinds of questions in its efforts to know God and to span infinity. "Who made God? Where is His home? How old is He? Why can't I see Him?" and on and on, until the little mind is bewildered and fagged in its futile effort, and eventually finds rest in turning to other things. All parents have been asked these questions over and over by their children, as their little minds begin to unfold and they grapple with the Great First Cause, and try to unravel and put symmetry and order into life.

These are natural and pertinent questions, and

should receive careful and thoughtful attention from all parents and older people in guiding and directing these tender minds in search of knowledge. Children struggling for truth and God are too young to analyze and bring together facts for themselves, but look to us for guidance through these shoals of darkness and mystery. Will we measure up to our responsibilities, or will we brush aside these little ones by telling them, as is too often done, they are too young to understand such matters and should wait until they are old enough to ask such questions? The parent who will not take time to plant the seed of truth and God in their young lives, when it is so easy to satisfy their longings and desires, may regret the day of their indifference to these wistful appeals for God and infinity. Children will gladly accept God as Love, and the First Great Cause, on the mere suggestion of father and mother, and will tie its subsequent life around that simple thought, and honor and love the God of its existence and creation.

The child grows older, takes a step forward in its life, and would know something of heaven. "Where is heaven, what can it be, where is that better land, O mother, tell me where." There comes a time in the life of all children when these questions come to the

front and press for an answer and wise, indeed, is the father or mother who can hear these little voices and direct their children in the way of God, religion, and heaven. This is the formative age of childhood, and nothing should be left undone or unsaid that would hinder or interfere with right determining and fixing correct priciples and ideals in the minds of inquiring childhood. It has been truly said that the first few years of a child's life govern to a large extent its future thoughts, actions, and beliefs, and is therefore well if children get proper training during these critical years of their existence.

On the other hand, the lack of teaching and training will embitter and cause stagnation of the stream of life, prevent proper ideals, and send innocent childhood to drift on the sea of life, buffeted by every wind that blows. You, who are older, can look back upon your past and see how neglectful and bad teaching on the part of your seniors have often scarred and dwarfed your life in the making. Harsh words and indifference to childhood has wrung tears of anguish from tender hearts, and has hissed and bit like a serpent, when the passerby saw nothing but a mere child. Children acquire their sense of justice and right at a much earlier period of life than some of us imagine, and

little wrongs done to children often find lodgment in childish minds long after the injury has passed. Better than offend one of these little ones, a millstone were hanged about your neck and you were cast into the sea. Be careful how you teach and treat little children, for God loves them and holds you responsible for every wrong done to them.

Voices of The Night

VOICES OF THE NIGHT

Night is part of the twenty-four hour cycle that we call a day. It is the time when the sable curtains of darkness envelop the earth, a hushed stillness pervades the world, and all wild life creep from their dens, stalk abroad in search of food; and man, the chief ruler of God's universe, retires to his home and family for companionship, rest and sleep. Here in the quietude of the home, around the fireside, removed from the worries and cares of the day, our successes and failures, joys and disappointments, plans and hopes are unfolded and discussed. This is the time when love sits enthroned, and joy and happiness serve as her hand-maidens.

Night, strange as it may seem, provokes both the good and bad in man. Darkness sometimes lends itself to all kinds of evil thoughts and desires with an utter disregard for others; the gunmen and gangsters of Chicago have debased the night into a time to plan and execute their diabolical schemes, striking terror into the hearts of all right thinking and law abiding men. The call of the night to these men means

debauchery, theft, murder, social scandal, and every other vice disgraceful to beast, much less to man. What a sad misuse of the night, given by God for rest and meditation! History is full of the night orgies of kings, potentates, and the ribaldry of men in both public and private life. Belshazzar, thousands of years ago, in one of his night debauches read the handwriting on the wall, and his doom was forever sealed; cruel old Nero rode down the streets of Rome which was lighted up with torches of living, burning men; today his name is despised and detested alike by all men. Some of earth's worst crimes and tragedies are committed in Thy name, O, Night! homes have been ruined, and innocent lives have paid the price in disappointment, shame, and death. This picture of night and men is truly sad and deplorable, but other voices of the night call men to nobler and more serious reflection of the present, past and future.

We lie down to rest and sleep, and the voices of the night startle us with the age old question, "From whence came we, who are we, and whither are we bound?" Man asked this question in the early dawn of the world, has asked it throughout the ages, and is asking it today. Ever and anon the soul of man breaks its fetters and environments, reaches out after the infinite,

and would know more about God, the future, and the life we are to live hereafter. The heathen do not escape these voices of the night, but as a wild beast throws itself against the bars of its cage, so they, in their superistition and ignorance, bow down to wood and stone fashioned by the hand of man. The North American Indian in his semi-savage life, peering out from his wigwam into the night, heard voices calling, and in his benighted soul, fully expected a happy hunting ground beyond the River Styx, where he and his faithful hound could enjoy pleasures forevermore.

In every clime, tribe, and nation, the voices of the night have called men to higher and nobler aspirations; Jacob, sleeping out in the valley of Padan-Aran with a rock for his pillow as he fled the wrath of his brother, Esau, leaving his home and friends, despondent and crushed, heard the call of the voices of the night, saw angels ascending and descending, awoke, built an altar to God, and went on his way rejoicing.

The child, Samuel, sleeping in his trundle bed in the temple with the old priest, Eli, heard gentle voices, arose, went to the bed of the old priest and said, "Here am I;" and was told to go back to bed, but hearing voices again, he went back and said, "Surely Thou didst call me," and then and there, he received his

commission for the great work he was to do in the world.

David sat in the moonlight, probably listening to the chorus of the katydids in the nearby trees, looked up into the starry heavens, heard voices, and got a vision as never before, and wrote that beautiful song of love and praise that has delighted millions, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork, day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge."

Mother, tucking the cover snugly about her darling child lying in its bed, hears strange voices of the night, stops, and bends over the little form to assure herself baby is still breathing, gently kisses its dimpled cheek, and offers a prayer to God to watch over her child during the darkness of the night. Mother hears other voices of the night, calling her to greater sacrifices, to a reconsecration of all her aims and purposes in the care and unfolding of the little vine God has entwined about her life. Her chief thought now is the comfort, health, and happiness of her child. No greater responsibility could be imposed upon a human being than the growth, moral, mental and religious development of a child. Indeed, to assume such a task would require a super-human effort did not God "temper the

winds to his shorn lambs," by beautifully mixing the bitter with the sweet. A mother's heart is always responsive to the first cry of a startled child at night, and her reassurance that mother is near, is enough to calm its fears, and drive away all the hobgoblins of dreamland. Strange as it may seem, these voices of the night oft-times reprimand and reprove mother for unkind words spoken to her child during the day, and cause the bitter tears to flow as she recalls rash acts of hers in moments of worry and stress. A mother's life must be one of love, tenderness, and sympathy on the one hand, and on the other, must show a firm, discriminating justice, even to the breaking point, in dealing with the whims, petulances, and caprices of childhood. Voices are heard by mother "in the night time of sorrow and care," strengthening her resistance and fortitude, reconstructing her hope, and smoothing out the rough places, and calling a mother back to sanity and to rest. A mother's life is truly one of unfaltering love and endurance. Surely if man could only realize the cares devolving on her by day and by night, in the training of her children, he would be more considerate of his conduct in the presence of childhood.

The voices of the night are calling us; the ambitious

youth hidden away in his lonely room, pouring over his books during the long watches of the night, hears voices calling and urging him on to a larger and more useful life. Men are hearing these voices in all the avocations and walks of life, and he is wise who heeds these calls that lead to happiness in the life which now is, and the life to come.

EDUCATIONAL

The Community

THE COMMUNITY

In a previous article I spoke of the community life of Minden, especially the part played by our women in its development. The business and aesthetic phases of the community can no longer be separated, for beauty and business are so closely interwoven that they naturally support each another. Time was, when men said business is business, and business begets business, but with modern advancement, towns are taking a far different view of life. It is, therefore, no longer a matter what to do, but cities and larger towns have since realized the importance of these factors in their development, and small towns and communities have just begun to react to the fact that the beautiful is the handmaiden of business and town growth. The psychological effect of this combination on the average man determines to a large extent his selection of a town or community in which to live, do business, and rear his family.

Did you ever notice that business follows the crowd, and the crowd goes where things look prosperous, attractive and beautiful? The question of advertising

cities and towns has reached a proportion, of late, as never before in the history of this nation. Business men of larger cities go to the expense of hiring fully equipped trains, leave their places of business, and visit other towns, cities and states to tell of their city's growth, trade advantages, prosperity and beauty; they go "to sell their city." The boosters of Shreveport came to our town two weeks ago, met our citizens and business men, drove around the town, and left us all in a good humor, and now one hundred or more of St. Louis' business men will be on our streets next week. It is a fine thing for business men to meet each other apart from their haunts of business, and feel and see the other side of life. While it is impractical for the smaller towns to put on these annual advertising campaigns, our city fathers in many of our small towns advertise in the big dailies our business progress, and the beauty spots and places in and around town.

The automobile has made community improvement a further necessity, for the tourist going through a country gives out and scatters the first impression he gets of the towns through which he passes. Most men have hobbies; one may be interested in the clean appearance of the town, another, its streets and business houses, another, the homes and beautiful yards, and

still another is attracted by its convenient and well-kept tourist parks, hence, it behooves every wide-awake town to keep its interest up to the highest standard of efficiency and merit.

Communities cannot afford to be selfish; the one underlying purpose of both town and country should be the development of each other. No town or country can be truly great and prosperous that tries to live within itself. Towns should use their means and other advantages in aiding and promoting the interest of the surrounding country, for like "bread cast upon water it will return many days hence," in profits and development of the country and town alike. The struggles and hardships of the country should be the hardships and struggles of the towns, and nothing should be left undone by the more fortunate to relieve the intolerable conditions of the less favored in life. The School Board of Webster Parish had a vision which stressed this idea, and made it possible for every child in the parish to have the advantages of a high school education. Its success has been the pride of all Webster citizens, and the child's emancipation through the means employed has been heralded from one end of the nation to the other. Most towns have electricity already, and the next step will be to carry it into the

country homes—the sooner the better—and we, living in the towns, can be of inestimable service in bringing about that glad day. Electricity for lighting purposes, cooking, drawing water, relieving other household burdens, and its further application on the farms and industries, will mark an era of prosperity in farm life not dreamed of by our forefathers. This is not a fanciful picture, it is being done in many places now, and will be done in this parish. The night is far spent, the day approaches, so let us gird ourselves, and work to that end.

Modern Boy and Girl

MODERN BOY AND GIRL

I have always been an optimist, and cannot bring myself to the belief and acceptance of certain widespread views, expressed both in private and public life, that all of our communities are growing worse, and the nation is on the last lap of the road to perdition.

In this communication, I resent the idea that our girls and boys are more immoral than they were fifteen or twenty years ago, as both misleading and untrue. However, it is a fact that all crime and immorality is more readily sensed and uncovered, and finds its way into the channels of disclosure, as never before in the history of the world. We grant you, further, that the relations between the boys and girls are more intimate than they were fifteen or twenty years ago, but this, we think, is due in a large measure to better educational advantages as well as to their social, financial, political and religious environments. The girls of today, without any reflection on those of yesterday, are no longer the namby-pamby creatures of environment, but are competing with the boys in all business affairs,

and they, of necessity, feel competent to care for themselves in the more intimate relations of life. What might have been considered an indiscretion fifteen or twenty years ago is today regarded as right and proper, since it is born of that free and untrammeled independence of self sufficiency to care for herself. Many of the former handicaps of woman have been removed by state and national laws, and now she votes in all of our elections, holds property in her own right, and enjoys the same privileges as men; consequently, the daughters feel that their status is equal to that of her boy associates. We do not deny there are bad girls and boys, but they are the exceptions, and not the rule. The great majority of our boys are courtly and honorable in the presence of girls, and I would like to say from my own observation, our girls are chaste in thought and word, and live pure lives. I stand before a Sunday school class of girls from fifteen to eighteen years of age, coming from the different families of this city, representing every walk of life, and if I did not believe in the honor and sincerity of these bright eyed girls, and the high and noble thoughts that prompt their every act, I would be untrue to them, and not worthy to be their teacher. To saddle all the wrong

deeds and acts of delinquency upon youth as a whole, slanders their virtue, undermines confidence in themselves, and weakens their fight for right and God.

Do not think for one moment that I believe in shutting our eyes to what is going on about and around us, but may we not be led afield by gossipers, and those who would judge youth superficially and without serious thought. I never hear a man or a woman speak derogatorily of the youth of the country but that my sense of right and justice immediately runs up the flag of suspicion so far as that individual is concerned, and I feel like stamping his or her interpretation of the modern girls' and boys' turpitude, as eminating from a diseased mind and a low moral life. Those maligners of youth are themselves living on the wrong side of life, and can see only the bad there is in youth, but the good flits through their minds like sunbeams in a dark room. How unfortunate it is to have men and women of such a makeup among us, who would not hesitate to throw the lance of criticism into the very heart and life of innocent victims. They think in terms of themselves, and apply their distorted views to others, who are often innocent of wrong thinking and acting. A suspicion uttered or an unkind word spoken may at

times cast a shadow across a helpless and unsuspecting life, and like pebbles thrown upon the placid waters of some sheltered, inland lake, start little ringlets that enlarge as they approach the shore; so little character thrusts, innocently or unthoughtedly made, will sometimes sweep through a confiding and unselfish life, doing damage that only eternity will disclose. We, too, often rejudge and listen to the insinuations of others, when we should defend or turn a deaf ear to those defamers of right thinking. Character, the most precious jewel of earth, may be tarnished by loose talk, and like a bird wounded in flight, flutters and falls to the ground, never to rise again.

Youth has made wonderful progress socially, morally, and religiously in my life time, and as I hear them talking Sunday after Sunday, and praying for light and guidance in working out their destiny, I cannot believe otherwise than that the future of our country will be in safe hands. The modern girl and boy is the country's greatest asset today, despite the many harsh things that have been said about them in the last decade.

Youth's Possibilities

YOUTH'S POSSIBILITIES

"Oh, would I were a boy again!" In quoting the above exclamation do not, my kind readers, imagine that it is provoked by dissatisfaction and disappointment over my past, and that the setting sun of life suggests gloom and fear, but I am only thinking of the boy and girl of today, with all their advantages and possibilities of the future.

The world has made wonderful progress in the last decade, and if we can judge the future by the past we may expect nature to disclose many of her secrets, and give a still further unfolding of the mysteries of life. What a glorious heritage the past has given the boy and girl of tomorrow! May we not be friends for a short time, and go back in memory and recall some of the struggles and surgings of man in his efforts to break the bonds of superstition and ignorance, lessen immorality and social irregularities, remove political and religious restrictions, and then lay along by the side of his achievements the hope that it will inspire and encourage the boy and girl to renew their efforts

by taking advantage of ideas in science and art, and social and religious development, in the uplift and constructive forces of life.

Quite naturally, the people have given their first attention to the outstanding evils and inconsistencies of life; and when thoroughly aroused, and when once the battle has begun, are relentless and untiring in their efforts until victory has been won. Need I call your attention to the time when the pistol toter was abroad in the land with his pockets full of guns, or girded with a navy six or some dangerous make of weapon; indeed, he did not consider himself fully dressed until he was thoroughly prepared for fight, and like a plumed knight ready to attack his enemies, or to defend his false ideas of honor against all men. This was one of the evils handed down from the Civil War, and it continued in its riotous waste of life and untold suffering, until the people became aroused and spoke the final word, and forever disarmed these deluded men. Today, the whole world is making obeisance to those brave men who had the courage of their convictions, and made possible this great reform. President Harding, after the most destructive war of all the ages caught the inspiration and called the nations of the world together, and said to them the same thing spoken

by our fathers to their fellow citizens years ago; to disarm, put up their guns, live peaceably with their neighbors, and settle all difficulties like sensible men should, by arbritration, and other means than by the gun and the sword. We may not get all that can be desired in a Disarmament Congress, but the axe has been laid at the root of the tree, and some day our desires and visions of a disarmed nation will be an accomplished reality.

When I was a school boy, a man came to the school I was attending, and preached a new doctrine; now do not be surprised when I tell you that that strange doctrine was prohibition. After the lecture pledges were taken to abstain from the use of intoxicants for six months, others for twelve, and some for a lifetime. How strange all that seems at this time; those men were looked upon as visionaries and cranks to propose such a thing, and the individuals signing those pledges lost some of their manhood and prestige in the community, for it was something new and ran counter to the wishes of most of the people. But these pioneers of prohibition and good government stood the fiery tests of the whiseky drinkers and the taunts and insults of the saloon men, until the country began to wake up to the real dangers, and enough men could be mustered

on the side of prohibition, an election called, and the issue left to the vote of the people. Many were the hard fought battles of the prohibitionists and their opponents, for at that time during elections whiskey flowed like a river in every nook and corner of the ward and parish. We shudder when we think of those trying times, and only recall them now to show how all reforms come about. Through the daring and unceasing efforts of men and women, the cause spread from parish to parish, and from state to state, and finally resulted in National Prohibition. What a great victory from such a small beginning, a hearing before a schoolroom full of dirty faced, bare-footed boys and girls, to a hearing and favorable action before the greatest nation on the face of the globe.

Many years ago, I was taking a post graduate course in New York City, and while reading the morning paper, I noticed that one of Jay Gould's sons was sick, and he had a woman nurse attending him. This was an innovation in the sick room, and I must confess I was surprised, if not shocked, at this bit of news. Today, wherever there is sickness and death, on land or sea, the educated woman nurse is ready to render such assistance and help as is possible, dressed in her robe of white, emblematic of purity and chastity. She

moves up and down the halls of hospitals, and about the sick chambers of our homes, noiselessly and gracefully, giving her time to the wants and needs of the sick, during both day and night.

In the late war, forgetful of self and taking her life into her hands, the American nurse followed our soldier boys across the Atlantic to the battlefields of Europe, strewn with carnage and death, sacrificing her health, and consecrating her life on the altar of her profession. Many a wounded soldier, lying on his cot of pain and suffering, turned his languid eyes to his ministering angel of mercy as he thought of home and mother, and whispered a prayer to Almighty God for her presence, and this great advance in medicine.

We used to read about suffragists and women doctors as we now read about Marconi talking to the people of the moon by wireless, with interest, doubts, and forebodings, but really never expecting to see one of those creatures; however, one day while I was attending a lecture two well dressed women came into the lecture hall, and found a seat right near where I happened to be seated. I was surprised to see them there, but they seemed so eager to learn, asked questions, and showed a readiness to compete with man in the study of medicine that we soon lost sight

of the difference of sex. They knew things, and did things well, and soon taught us wise doctors we would have competition from another source. Up until that time I had regarded woman as a nambly-pambly creature, a good thing to have around on most occasions, but it was left with those two personalities to teach me that women would be a real potentiality in the medical profession.

Woman's activities did not stop here, in fact, you cannot stop her when she has once made up her mind and started. Woman said she wanted to vote, told Congress so, and continued to do so from time to time, until Congress got mad and tired of her continual importunities, and told her to go home, tell her age, and vote all she pleased. She enjoys her experiences at the polls but does not think Congress gave her a square deal in demanding such frightful disclosures. Seriously, woman is making great advancement along many lines of endeavor, and deserves our highest praise and commendation.

The world is doing things, and the future holds many possibilities for achievement, but it is going to be largely by those who will profit by past history, and manly meet the needs of the present day. Great as man's achievements have been during the last half

century, the future holds undreamed of possibilities in the social, political, religious, and business world. What does all this mean to the modern boy and girl? It foreshadows a broader vision, larger service, and a complete consecration of life to these passing opportunities.

The Country Doctor

Country Doctor

A G HARPER, MD

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR

The office of the country doctor is fast passing into forgetfulness, but many of us still recall its appearance, and hold in reverence the important place it filled in the life of the community. This building was about fifteen feet wide, and twenty feet long, with a narrow gallery running across the entire front, a rear and a front door, and one or two small windows opening out on the porch, to furnish required light; the interior was divided by a partition wall two-thirds of the way back, into two unequal rooms with a communicating door. The front room was fitted up with shelves on one side for bottles, medicines, and other office necessities, while a narrow counter served well Aesculapius, in compounding tinctures and dispensing powders, and incidentally divided his small sitting room from the drug departmentwith its shiny bottles and bewitching odors. The rear room was for consultation, and there, with the old doctor's kind words, and under his wise ministration of pills and powders, pain and suffering were relieved, and joy and hope were rekindled in many a despondent life.

There, too, many a story of sadness and disappointment was unfolded, and often hope dashed to the earth, like a wounded bird of the forest, changing the whole current of life's ambition. What scenes of suffering and pain, both of mind and body; what joy and happiness, bitterness and heartaches, came to many who may have visited the little consultation room.

This workshop was often located just across the road, in front of a rather imposing looking house, the home of the country doctor. When not away on his favorite horse, here the old doctor could usually be seen about his work, looking after the needs of the sick and suffering, and at night could be found at home ready to serve any who might need him.

Duty was the motive that prompted his every action, and no matter how dark and cold the night, how rainy or great the distance, the old doctor would disdain the comforts of home and a warm bed, and respond to the calls of distress from his neighbors and clientelle. He believed in the surefootedness of his horse, Charlie, of the virtues of the medicines he carried in his saddle bags, of his own skill, trusted in God, and wanted to be of service to the community in which he lived.

He knew all the roads, and every winding trail, was

acquainted with everybody, knew all their families, and could call all the children by name, rejoiced with them in their joys, and wept with them in their sorrows. Today was sunshine and happiness as the old doctor looked into the face of little Jannette Jones, just recovering from a long spell of serious sickness, or witnessed the flood of joy that swept through the soul of the young mother upon hearing the cry of her first born. The flowers, sparkling with the dew of the morning, silently contributed to his happiness, and the birds hidden away in the cool dells sang their sweetest songs as the old doctor passed along. Today it was, "Hello, doc, glad to see you looking so fresh and strong, you must have had a good night's rest," spoken by neighbors and friends, as they met him on his round of duties. Tomorrow the picture changes, a shadow has fallen across his pathway, and sadness envelops him as with a blanket. A friend of long standing and a neighbor from childhood is dead. What sentiments of the past, and what thoughts of remorse and regret now surge and resurge through the mind of the old doctor! Did he avail himself of all that science and art could suggest in the treatment of his friend? Did he leave off anything that could have been done, which would have given a different result? Was he sure his

friend and neighbor had received the best thought and painstaking care he deserved from the beginning to the end of his sickness? His friend believed in his skill and honesty, and had entrusted his life to his care when threatened by disease, but now he was gone. Could anything have appealed to the finer sensibilities of the old doctor more acutely, and forced upon him the age old question, "What is life, and after all is it worth the living?" Kind friends were more lenient with the old doctor than he was with himself, for they believed in his skill, loved him, and when sick would again call him back to the further discharge of duty, and to a renewed hope of life.

Is it any wonder that such a man should become the leader in his community, be confided in, and his advice sought by those among whom he lived, about the many vexing and difficult problems that come up in every day life? Through his many activities, kindnesses, and intimacies in the family home, the country doctor very naturally became the oracle of the community in which he lived. I dare say, many a lad watching the busy old doctor in his workshop, has decided upon a medical life of useful service, and later, as he struggled with anatomy, physiology, chemistry and medical text books, has been motivated to renewed effort as he

thought of, and dreamed of, the old doctor in his little country workshop.

What I have said is not written in a boastful spirit, but I simply would do justice to his memory, for well do I realize his many short-comings and limitations. He made mistakes, and good men and women slipped through his hands into a premature grave, as viewed in the light of modern science, surgery and theraputics, but in justice and fairness, considering his help and surroundings, the old doctor was a benefactor in his day, and his career was a decided success.

Let him of modern medicine who never makes a mistake cast the first stone, and the memory and reputation of the country doctor will be secure. The old doctor will never ride over these hills and valleys again, for most of these kind hearted friends now rest on hillsides among those whom they labored and loved. May we always tread lightly above the grave of the old family doctor for what he did, and for what he meant to us, and drop a tear and a flower, for there rests a friend and a hero.

Early Schools

EARLY SCHOOLS

The old school house is tumbling down, the benches are removed, and the master sleeps in the little church yard on the side of the hill. Most of the boys and girls of my early school days are dead, although not forgotten, and the few remaining are scattered throughout the states, still competing in the race of the survival of the fittest.

How fresh and fulsome those days come trouping back upon the wings of memory, sometimes to goad us for derelections of duty, and again, to hallow and shed a halo of resplendent glory about those familiar scenes.

We now recall the master standing in the doorway, ringing the old bell, and here the children come, running, jumping, shouting, and noisily entering the schoolroom. "Boys, do leave outside your noise and mud," the master exclaims, as he sits behind his desk and looks about the schoolroom, while many a chubby little face is hidden behind the old blue back speller, some pouring over the multiplication table, or absorbed in getting answers to vexatious problems in addition,

subtraction, multiplication and division, and some, standing near the teacher, are eloquently reading McGuffy's charming readers, and still others are grappling with those unearthly Algebraic expressions AB-C etc., good for nothing on earth from a student point of view, but to mix up, confuse, and work to the point of distraction, innocent and respectable boys and girls.

I have wondered, often, who invented the plus and minus sign, anyway, and if he was still sane and running at large, but the old master seemed to have great respect for that mathematical genius, and wanted us to trail in his footsteps without a bobble or a mistake. There was one other class of students I must not forget to mention, and that was those fellows studying the classics and higher mathematics, who always made it a point to get the coolest place in the room, the best bench, and had a way of lording it over the less sophisticated pupils.

It was surely a motley crowd the master had to preside over, little boys and girls, big boys and girls, innocent children, and overbearing young manhood, but as a whole, a big, harmonious family, bent on the acquisition of knowledge and information necessary to carry on successfully, at a later date, the affairs of

life. The teacher was the idol of this large family, the pupils had every confidence in his ability and honor, and great joy came into their hearts whenever it was their turn for him to go home with them and spend the night with their family.

In those old days, it was my pleasure to attend a rather up-to-date country school; the building in which it was conducted had taken the place of an old log school house, was about twice as long as it was wide, but continued the one room idea, and in this instance, had a teacher and an assistant. It was located on a public road, and had glass windows of a pattern I shall now attempt to describe.

The upper half of the window was fitted with a regular sash, containing ten by twelve lights, and the lower half was of solid wood, which could be raised and lowered, strength permitting, as do our windows today. This brilliant idea was the forethought of the fathers of the community, and should have been patented, and probably handed down to posterity, as a means of keeping children from looking out during school hours, and also of effectually preventing any fresh air coming from that side to an over crowded school room. The amusing feature about the whole affair was that not a dozen horsemen or wagons,

including the twice a week stage, passed along that highway during the whole week.

I imagine if these unsophisticated boys and girls could have seen through those wooden shutters and seen one of Webster Parish's modern, sixty pupil trucks ambling down that lonesome road, they would have thought Noah had quit the sea with his ark, and was touring the world on wheels with his big show, and then and there would have been a wild stampede into the woods around that country seminary.

Would you say how ignorant and crude their methods, and why did they not take more interest, and put more thought into the subject of education? Let us not pass up their efforts too lightly, for they were living and laboring in an age different from the one in which you live, and what might seem inconsequential to you was to them a genuine and faithful effort to provide the necessary education for their children.

They had no public school system such as we now have, and schools were operated in different communities by a concert of action on the part of the neighbors, each subscribing so much for a certain number of pupils, and paying, no matter whether their children went or not. The book question then, as now, was one to consider, but was a mere bagatelle in comparison

to the books, tablets, pencils and other school paraphernalia of modern times.

If Governor Long could only limit the modern text books needs of today, to something like the books used in those days, he could surely take off a few coon chasers and opossum hunters, and have all the money the children of Louisiana need, and some to spare.

RELIGIOUS

A Sunday Lecture

A SUNDAY LECTURE

I would not say that mind could be created in a boy or a girl, but the relation between the mind and development is so close that it is impossible to determine where the one begins and the other finds its limitations.

Success is brought about by the union of the two, and it is well for us to learn early, there are no secret or hidden paths by which this goal can be reached except by this union. There is only one road, and that leads up the mountainside where travel is hard and treacherous, but no ambitious boy or girl need be discouraged, for the reward is sure. Some of you, no doubt, are saying right now, "I have no special talents," but believe me, you only need the God given love for certain work, and then it devolves upon you to do the rest. There is not much difference between men and women, boys and girls, they all have their weak and strong points, frailties and imperfections, likes and dislikes, but in a general way, when summed up, their chances and opportunities in life are about the same. We sometimes fix our attention upon historical characters, whose lives like beacon lights shine along

the shores of time, and coming down to men of the present day, blaze out the way not only for this generation but for men for all time to come. We are often discouraged in their presence and say within ourselves, "What's the use, we can never reach those dizzy heights," and few do, but down in the valley below, live and strive the great multitude of men, and it is there we can be a blessing or a hindrance to mankind. Who can measure your capacities, or set the bounds of usefulness?

Henry Grattan, one of England's greatest statesmen and orators, made a flat failure in his maiden speech before Parliament, and was laughed at, and hooted from the floor, but as he retired he told his peers the day would come when they would hear him gladly. Grattan did not let his high ideals of life—the thing I would instill into your minds—be distorted or set aside by the gibes and jeers of the most aristocratic and august body on earth. He believed in mind and hard work, and through this holy alliance, commanded the respect of Parliament, and all the world did listen gladly to what he had to say.

Our own Doctor Austin Flint, than whom there has never been a greater practitioner or teacher of medicine

on the American continent, whose book on the practise of medicine is in the library of every up-to-date physician, when a young man in college in New Orleans, failed in his final examinations, turned to the college professor who had voted against him, saying he would some day teach them, and made that prediction come true. Dr. Flint knew what mind and application would do for an unfortunate and discouraged young man, who had the ambition and the will to work.

Just here, I want to say it is not always the boy or girl standing the best examinations, who is making the most progress in their studies. Many years ago, a wise educator and I were discussing the lives of two young men, one quite brilliant and the other mediocre, and it was observed that the mediocre was outstripping the brilliant young man in the race of life. I casually remarked that the time required for each to get his lessons in school did not always determine their respective capacities. The educator stopped suddenly, slapped me on the shoulder, and surprised me greatly by saying I had advanced a great truth. He went on to explain that one student would pick up the subject as developed by the book he was studying,

and make it a part of himself, while the other in doing the same thing, would be led into new fields of thought, and thus retard him in the acquisition of the subject matter in hand. Let us be content to work at Life's program continuously and contentedly, without any regard to our limitations, and I promise you will be agreeably surprised at the results.

What I have been saying about men in the field of literature is equally true of outstanding men in the financial and business world of today; they, too, have lived through great hardships and many disappointments, and have no doubt heard the insinuating voice we sometimes hear, "It is too hard, what is the use anyway?"

Edison heard the call to duty in his youth, and threw himself into his work, soul, mind and body. Success has crowned his efforts, and his name is hailed around the world as one of its most useful inventors. Do not think his pathway has been strewn with flowers, for he has spent many a long and weary hour in his dusty workshop, trying to work out problems that have since revolutionized society, and added untold happiness to mankind.

Henry Ford did not reach the golden pinnacle upon

which he now stands with one bound, he walked the streets of Detroit, cold and despondent, looking for capital with which to finance the great idea he had evolved in regard to his automobile. It has been one continuous struggle from that day down to the present, with countless thousands of difficult questions coming up by day and by night for solution, and even now at the height of his success, his work has just begun. The world is fast learning it is not a question of what you are worth or what you have done, but how well are you using your experience, mind, and wealth in the uplift of mankind?

Will you not try to remember what I am saying this morning, especially those who will soon go away to college? May I further say that all of you have active minds, strong and healthy bodies, and your destiny is in your hands. You can be what you want to be, and do what you want to do, if you are only willing to wait and work hard. What splendid opportunities lie ahead of you, what a blessing you can be to the world! My interest and prayers will go with you, and your success shall be my success.

Banner Day at Pine Grove

BANNER DAY AT PINE GROVE

Last Sunday was a banner day for Pine Grove church, the community, and the pastor. The day was ideal regarding weather conditions, neither too cold nor too hot. The new church replacing the old one was seen to fine advantage nestling among the sturdy, tall oaks and other fine forest trees. The people began to assemble by nine-thirty o'clock and soon the grounds were covered with automobiles and other vehicles, bringing a great crowd anxious to be present and enjoy the program of the day. The occasion was a Sunday school rally and the dedication of the new church building. The exercises opened at ten o'clock with devotional service after which in the absence of the superintendent Rev. Dring welcomed the delegates and visitors in a cordial and pleasing address. The pageant, "The Truth, The Life, and The Way," was presented by the boys and girls and the older people of the neighborhood. The leading parts were characterized by Miss Nancy Sexton and Mrs. Horton. This christian pageant was carried out with

great success, and was very entertaining and instructive from beginning to end, and its execution reflected much credit upon the entire community. The next on the program was your humble writer on, "The Organized Adult Class," setting forth somewhat in detail the object and purpose as expressed in devotional class activities. The former pastor of the church was called on for a talk and very eloquently and beautifully set forth the christian character, drawing his inspiration from the lives of some of the Bible characters. Then came a roll call for reports on the different churches in the district, with a response from Mrs. Martin of Evergreen. The Brushwood Superintendent made some timely remarks and so did others, and this brought the morning service to a close.

It was then announced that dinner would be served for everyone present. Under the dense shade trees just a short distance from the church, a long table had been erected, on which a tempting and inviting spread had been prepared by the good and hospitable people of Pine Grove neighborhood, and everyone was invited to partake of its bounties. It was a pleasing sight to see the multitude standing before this long and

well filled table, good naturedly enjoying this splendid hospitality. Mrs. Wren, a resident of that community, whose presiding genius carried out that part of the program is a fine type of Southern refinement and christian character and we only hope God will spare her useful life for many more of these delightful occasions. Dinner over, the crowd went to the church to carry out the remainder of the program, but not more than half of them could get into the church for the interesting exercises. A song service was now conducted by Mr. Alden Rathbun, and the male quartet of Minden rendered several especially prepared numbers to the delight and edification of the entire audience. Rev. Van Carter, state superintendent of international Sunday school work, was introduced by Rev. Dring and made a telling address for greater Sunday school work, particularly stressing the importance of Camp Lassa as a training school for our boys and girls, urging that each of the Sunday schools send at least one boy or girl to this summer school. After his address several of the schools pledged themselves to furnish the money so the boys and girls could take advantage of the twelve day course of training.

The hour for the dedication had arrived, and Mr. B. F. Wren stepped forward and in a few well chosen words presented the church to Rev. Childress who accepted it and asked how much debt was against the plant. It was reported less than three hundred dollars. A few minutes was given in which this amount was collected and it is worthy of note and commendation the readiness and willingness with which the people of Minden present contributed to that worthy cause. Rev. Childress then took his text from Psalm CXXVII, "Except the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it." He took up the work of the church and showed in his strong and forceful manner how much it fosters and protects the home.

The public school, probably the greatest force in the United States today for the elevation and advance of mankind, had its beginning and development in the church of God. The community and social life would be an utter and miserable failure without the restraining and guiding influence of the church. It is the great source from which flows all high social orders, and makes man his brother's keeper. His statement that a live church in any community would stabilize and

increase the values of land is as true as any mathematical proposition.

Did you ever know one of the first things the real estate man sets forth in his advertisements, is the fact that property for sale is convenient for the churches and schools?

In conclusion he spoke of the church as the only power that can adequately care for the spiritual life, and made the church the center around which all mankind trusts and hopes for an immortal life of happiness beyond the grave. After this address Rev. Dring thanked all who had contributed in any way to make the occasion a memorable one. The male chorus sang a final song, "In heaven we will never say farewell." The benediction was then pronounced and the beginning of the new church had been made history. All returned to their homes, happy and full of confidence and hope.

Religious Education

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

The greatest need of the Sunday school, church, state, society, and the business world today, is a larger program of religious education.

Man is a three fold being; possessed of mind, soul, and body. If we over educate or overstrain any one of these three characteristics, then the other two will suffer a corresponding loss. We must educate or train them together to have a well balanced man or woman. A typical man might be compared to an Apothecaries' scale because his three sided life must be kept in exact balance for him to do the work that God has planned.

Let me give you some results of over-training one characteristic to the exclusion of others: the papers some time ago were full of the account and trial of Leopold and Loeb; here were two young men, polished in manners, well groomed, highly educated, rich and influential, and well fitted for life's duties in many respects; but the spiritual life had been neglected and abused, and they planned and carried out one of the most dastardly crimes in all the annals of American history. Today, they are languishing in an Illinois

penitentiary for life because of their unbalanced lives.

Another example is the German nation: Germany was before the war perhaps the most highly educated and cultured nation in all the world; her colleges and universities were marvelous institutions, and men came from all nations to enter these schools. She stood at the very top in chemistry, medicine, and agriculture, and her ships rode upon the high seas carrying her commerce to all the world. Over education and training in the material side of life made Germany forget God, and she boldly announced the doctrine that might makes right, brought on the World War, lost, and is today the football of all great nations of the earth.

If you would have an example of over development and training of the body, I will carry you back to the days of Goliath, the giant; here was a man arrogant and boastful, mighty in statue, trained in warfare, and the pride of the Philistine armies, who came out every morning before the armies of the Philistines, and challenged Israel to single combat, but no one would fight him. A stripling of a lad came to the army to see his brothers, and hearing the Giant defying Israel's armies, accepted his challenge. This lad's brothers were angry with him, and no doubt told him to go

back and look after his father's flocks, and amuse himself with his shepherd's flute, and dream no more of fighting the Giant. King Saul, hearing of this lad sent for him, and told him that he was not able to fight the Giant, as he was only a boy, but he told the King a lion came into his father's flock and he caught him by the beard and killed him, and later, a bear came and he also killed him, and he said the Lord who had delivered him out of the paw of the lion, would also deliver him from the power of the Giant. Saul told him to go, and he went and slew the Giant with a rock from his sling, stood upon him, and took his sword and cut off his head; and peace came to Israel after a great victory over the Philistines. Here was a triumph of a well balanced lad over an over developed, overtrained and one sided Giant.

A man may over develop or over train his spiritual nature; and, as an example, I refer you to the Scribes and Pharisees in the time of Christ; these men would not see facts nor listen to reason, but as Jesus expressed it, the blind were leading the blind. These spiritual fanatics and bigots, intolerant of the views of others, are just such men that led the Holy Crusade, and drenched the world in blood on a thousand battle fields.

Now what practical program can be inaugurated in order to balance our lives, and fit us for the responsibilities that will devolve upon us in the days to come?

Edmond Burke has wisely said there was never a great reform carried on without the children. The prohibition movement was begun sixty years ago in the United States, and well nigh failed, when temperance lessons began to be taught in the Sunday and literary schools, and after two generations prohibition has become the law of the land. The children are the churches' and states' greatest asset, and with the proper training we can make them our most valued allies. Jane Adams has said that the child is a wistful creature walking about the streets of our cities calling out, "I am the spirit of youth, with me all things are possible."

Let us see what is being done for the minds, bodies, and souls of the children of today. We will work almost day and night to see that our children are properly clothed and fed; we want them to have plenty of pure water and fresh air, and there is nothing we would not do to give them strong and healthy bodies.

Then we develop and train their minds in the home, from the cradle up, watching their every mental activity with delight and pleasure, and oddly enough,

put them in the kindergarten and, later, in the public schools of our community. We will save and make all kind of sacrifices to keep them in school, and when they graduate it is an occasion of great happiness and joy to us. We are not content to stop here, but in many instances, will almost bankrupt ourselves in order to put them through a college or university. I am not condemning, but think that is as it should be.

What are we doing for the spiritual side of their lives? A few of us give some home training in religion, but many of our children are deprived of even this advantage. Some of us depend upon the Sunday school, others do not even do that, and then we complacently fold our arms and think that the spiritual welfare of our children is assured. The Sunday school has been and is doing a great work, but the task of giving proper religious education in the short time it has is absolutely impossible. Less than two hours per month, or twenty-four hours a year for religious education, is entirely inadequate for the needs of the child. What a burlesque on christianity is our program of religious education. Suppose I should ask one of my friends in this parish for the privilege of giving his child a literary education, and then upon inquiry by the father, I informed him I expected to

meet the requirements by giving his child twenty-four hours study in the course of a year. Why, don't you know that he would laugh me to scorn? And yet this is just what we are doing in our efforts at religious education. My friends, if religion is the greatest thing in all the world, then why cannot we afford to put more time and energy, money, and christianity into the religious education of our children? Salvation is free, but the fact does not absolve us from our duty to help bring about a greater realization of this work. The church has awakened to this demand, and ere long the children of the land will come into their own in the matter of religious education.

PART II.

In my last article, I wrote of the importance of greater religious education of our children, and how society was breaking down because of a lack of proper training during these years of childhood and adolescence, and at the same time, reviewing some of the measures for correction, good in itself, but inadequate to meet the requirements of this age. What can we do more than we are already doing to measure up to the demands upon us, and give growing childhood that

well rounded life which will fit him for the responsibilities of his future career? I repeat that the home and Sunday school does not, and cannot, as organized today, fill the highest hopes of consecrated men and women, who are looking into the future welfare of their offspring. Most of our children are in the public schools. This fact grows from the desire and determination of the American people to keep state and religion separate, and is not a bad law or one that we would tear down if we could, but I think it should be construed in a way that will give to the boys and girls of this land, the greatest opportunity for their development, and assure them the largest measure of success. Different states of the Union have different views and different laws bearing on this aspect of education; some states compelling the reading of the Bible at the opening exercises of school; others permit this to be done; while still others forbid the reading of it in their public schools, both by constitutional statutes and court decisions. I think that five or six of the states take this last view of the matter, and among this number, is our own State of Louisiana. The public school is an American institution, and is the very foundation upon which our republic rests; it gives our boys and girls equal advantages in life, and should be

fostered and encouraged, and no word of slander or calamity should be tolerated by loyal and true American citizens.

While this is true, there are reforms coming to the front daily, both in methods of teaching and administration, that must be recognized and adopted, if we are to keep abreast with the age, and make the public schools most useful to our country. Christianity feels most pungently, that religious education is not getting a fair division of time with that devoted to the secular schools for the boy and the girl. If christianity is making better men and women, better boys and girls, and better citizens in all classes of society with the short time it has for religious education, even when deprived of any consideration at the public schools, what might not the nation expect of christianity, if given the place it deserves in the program of education. Don't misunderstand me. I am not arguing for christianity to be taught in the public schools, or even for opening such schools by reading a chapter of the Bible, where it might cause embarassment or division, but I do think we often belittle the Holy Bible of our forefathers, made dear to them by their hardships and deprivations in the wilds of America, and left to us as a precious heritage, and we unduly exalt the will of

others, who came to our shores to enjoy our freedom and profit by our wise and free institutions. Our children are taught eight months of the year in public schools, and all their time is required for the carrying on of their secular work; Saturday the child claims as his day of rest and amusement and Sunday, after a short period of time at Sunday school, the day is given over to him and he revels in the cartoon and sporting page of the Sunday edition or gleans the sensational news for his Sunday thrills. It is not my purpose to take one iota of joy and happiness out of the lives of our boys and girls, but I would add thereto by giving them a larger capacity for real enjoyment. Where is religious education found on this over full program of childish life? Shall we say christianity is a myth, a chimera, a something to be played at, when there is nothing else to do, or shall we, like men of God, stand up and demand a place for religious education in the program, marked out for social and educational training of our children.

No, we must use all the means possible for greater religion, such as family training, preaching, Epworth Leagues and Sunday schools, but we cannot afford to stop there, if we are to have boys and girls with well balanced lives. There is another method of religious

education, which first began to be used in Gary, Indiana ten or twelve years ago, and is now being tried in other cities, that gives promise of great things in the way of solving this vexing question. I allude to the week day religious schools begun in that city in 1913. It would seem from what has already been said, that the time has come when we must give more attention to week day education of our boys and girls. The week day religious school is supposed to be carried on at the same time as the public schools, but under different management and teachers, in different buildings, while all the expense incurred is to be borne by the churches having them in charge. The only thing asked of the public school is cooperation in arranging the grades. so that each one could be relieved of secular work for two hours a week, that it might attend the religious school of their respective community. In Gary, Indiana, and elsewhere these schools have been tried it has been found, that in most cases, the superintendents of publice education have shown a willingness not only to cooperate with but to do every thing possible in aiding this religious program. The plan now in use at Gary and other cities, gives each child two hours a week religious education and is so arranged that only one or two grades are absent from the public schools at

the same time. Attendance upon the religious school is left entirely up to the parents or guardian of the child, but it has been found that almost all parents make provision for their children to attend these schools. They are conducted at the same hours as the public schools, and with a full corps of teachers, and supplements the plan generally in use today, and greatly dignifies and enlarges our program of religious education. There are three types of this class of schools: the individual church school, the denominational and the interdenominational.

Our vacation week day religious schools are less complicated, do not cover so long a period of time, or attempt so large a program, neither does it reach so many boys and girls as does the week day religious school, but it is a very good way to begin this work in a town or community. Shreveport conducted a vacational school of this kind this summer and we will probably hear more of the work begun in that school later. These two types of schools are being tried all over the United States and with phenomenal success; today, over a thousand are in operation, with over a hundred thousand students. The fight is on, and we cannot afford to be slackers. Will our town, our churches and this district, fail to study and get ready

for this great work of week day religious education? We shall see.

PART III.

For me to say the schools of religious education, spoken of in our last week's paper, can be carried out with little effort on the part of the church would be far from true. Indeed, I do not know of any worth while program of the church that presents more difficulties, offers more obstacles, and would meet with more opposition. Christianity has not sat so meekly and tamely for so long a time that the world in general has come to believe and regard religious education as not a potential factor in our educational program, and very curtly and often indignantly, tells us the church is over stepping its bounds, when we seek or ask for a little more time in which to do such work. Strange but true, society has very graciously given the church thirty minutes a week in which to give their children religious education, but under conditions far from ideal, with the glamour of new clothes, new faces and surroundings, often with untrained and unprepared teachers, and the child has small chance of getting any religious education. Now this is the case in the towns

and more populous neighborhoods, but there are many more communities in which not even these small advantages are obtained. In addition, we have denominational colleges and universities, but these institutions, useful as they may be, do not meet the requirements of the average boy or girl, who must get his or her training in the public schools. If you should ask a child to attend a week day religious school before or after public school hours he would very justly regard that as a hardship, and would hold in contempt such a school, and besides his likes and dislikes, not one parent in ten would be willing to subject his child to the danger of overtaxing its endurance. If we should make a division of public school hours, then we would raise a question of separation of church and state, the difficulty of class arrangement, and many other perplexing questions.

Other difficulties to be encountered are those of proper and convenient housing and suitable teachers for carrying on this kind of educational work. The teaching material would of course be limited, and many other features disjointed, due to the fact that in most places these schools would be in their infancy, and would require time before a complete system could be worked out that would give perfect satisfaction.

Another thing would be the organization of a board to look after the affairs of these schools, which would give representation to the different denominations that might meet for the purpose of conducting this kind of religious work. The churches would require tact and religious zeal of a very high order, considering the disagreements or misunderstandings which sometimes arise, but it could be done in view of the object to be attained: the welfare and salvation of our boys and girls. Still another difficulty confronting such an enterprise would be the age old one that comes up in all matters looking to the welfare and good of the human race: that of money. A certain amount of money would be indispensible for the success of this plan of education, but it has been shown to be very small in comparison with education along other lines. I shall give you some statistics further along in the discussion of this subject. You will no doubt want to know how this plan proposes to care for that class of students, who are taught at home or elsewhere not to believe in christian religion; as suggested before, these schools are not compulsory and the parents of each child will be consulted in that regard. There will be lawsuits, as in the case of New Yorks city suburbs, forbidding a portion of public school hours for religious education,

and there will be Clarence Darrow of Chicago to volunteer his services, as was the case in that court proceeding. However, in the face of an adverse decision to division of public school time in that trial, it is refreshing to read Justice McReynolds decision in the Oregon case, in which he said, "The fundamental theory of liberty upon which all governments of this Union repose exclude in general, power of the state to standardize its children, by forcing them to accept instruction from public school teachers only. The child is not the creature of the state, but those who nurture and direct his destiny have the right, coupled with right duty, to recognize and prepare him for additional obligations."

We have reviewed some of the drawbacks of this plan of education, however, the church should stand undaunted before this array of difficulties, and go forward, when there is so much at stake regarding the welfare both of our children and the uplift of christianity. This plan of religious education suggested was begun in Gary, Indiana, October 21, 1913, after Doctor Wirt, superintendent of public schools of that city, had been requested and consented to excuse the children from the public schools during a definite period for the express purpose of religious teaching, in the

churches and wherever it could be best done by those having the work in charge. Only a few of the churches joined the movement, until finally in 1917 most of them decided to make a community affair, since it would be more economical and serve the ends for which it was created to better advantage. Of course there was a great deal of detail work to be done before the plan reached its present state of efficiency. The committee for the inter-church world movement after making a survey of these schools said, "The Gary schools are wonderful, the things that we saw and heard thrilled us to the very marrow. You have demonstrated it could be done. Our theories are in actual practice in Gary schools."

Children are said to like to go to church schools, and this borne out by the fact that in 1917, the beginning of the church schools, the enrollment was four hundred and fifty, with three centers for church instruction, while in 1920 the enrollment was three thousand seven hundred, with ten centers for teaching. The work of these schools is getting some fine results in the lives of these boys and girls, and only time can tell what the harvest will be. Doctor Wirt, superintendent of public schools says, "In my opinion, the week day religious education at Gary has had a marked

influence upon the lives of the children attending them. Even among those children who do not attend the week day schools the impression has been created, that religion after all is actually a vital, real agency at work every day in the lives of men and not simply a fire escape to be used in emergency. It seems to me that the attitude of the children toward the church has been changed. They look upon it as one of the necessary institutions of daily life." W. F. Hodges, Mayor of Gary, says, "I am a firm believer in the week day classes of religious instruction for the children. I have always believed that this work could be done best on the cooperative basis, and I was one of the first to advocate that plan. I am somewhat familiar with the work of the community church school, and know it to be doing most excellent work, and worthy of full confidence and generous support."

In Kansas City, week day religious schools were opened October 3rd, 1923, with an attendance of six thousand eight hundred eighty-three students and with forty-five centers, while last year the enrollment was nine thousand seven hundred students with an equal number of instruction centers. The cost of the school last year was six thousand three hundred thirty-four dollars and fifty-four cents, or seventy-three cents per

pupil. I could refer to other cities, but I must conclude this series of letters by telling you that the work has only begun.

HISTORICAL

Old Ways of Travel

OLD WAYS OF TRAVEL

"Smack went the whip, round went the wheels, were ever folks so glad," was an old saw in Smith's grammar that puzzled the brain of many a lad and lassie in the early school days of this country. However, I have not mentioned this sentence on account of its linguistic association, but because of its direct portrayal of the universal mode of travel of that day.

The horse and horse-drawn vehicles were the main ways of travel and transportation; for instance, the family visiting in the neighborhood, going and returning from church, the villages and towns, was done in the buggy or surrey, but more often on the back of faithful old Jim, because of economy, and his always being on hand.

The wagon was used for heavier traffic around the farm, for marketing the crops, and in many instances was substituted for the lighter vehicles used for pleasure and family convenience, and it was not uncommon in those days to see long trains of wagons, loaded with all kinds of household goods and other personal property of immigrants, trekking across the

country from the older to the newer states. The immigrant urged his jaded horses forward by day so as to make a reasonable mileage, and camped out at night on some lonely stream where wood and water could be had, and no doubt his heart often sank within him as he thought of his slow progress, rainy days, high water, and other unavoidable delays, most surely to be encountered before he could hope to end his journey. Inestimable courage and determination was necessary to undertake one of those long country trips into a new country, to begin life among strangers, and strange surroundings. Surely they deserve the lasting gratitude of our wonderful nation.

There is one other mode of travel and transportation not to be overlooked in the study of this subject, and that is the old fashioned stage coach. I doubt if many of our boys and girls of this parish under twenty years of age have ever seen an old fashioned stage coach, fully equipped with all of its paraphernalia, and ready for action. The old stage coach was an institution handed down to us from our forefathers, and was especially adapted to the needs of our wild and rough country; it might be called the pioneer railroad of that day, for it was run between towns and villages on schedule time, carrying the mail and passengers, their

The Old Stage Coach

baggage, and such small packages as business demanded. The stage coach was a very cumbersome vehicle, patterned after a very heavy buggy, or a light wagon, but with wheels and running gear made out of the best hickory obtainable; while its body was rather oval in shape, and swung between the wheels on large leather straps that allowed a rocking movement forward and backward, and from side to side, when in motion; six or eight persons could ride within, and one or two with the driver high up on the front seat, if any could be found bold enough to partake of his hospitality. The top was a flat deck surrounded by light iron rods, where all baggage was carried during a trip. Mr. Christopher Chaffe, one of the pioneers of this country, a prominent citizen of Minden, and a prosperous liveryman, ran a coach just as I have tried to describe between this point, Shreveport and Monroe. This was a big and expensive business, for it required costly coaches, and the time schedule was short between these points, and therefore, required relays of fresh horses every few miles.

The passage of the stage along the highways was always a matter of interest to the people along the route, and the bugle blast notified the stage's approach to the villages and towns, it brought life and hope to

the sleepy citizens, as they crowded around the post office for long delayed letters from friends and loved ones. It was early in the eighties, late in the fall, when your humble writer had his first stage coach ride from Minden to Shreveport. The morning was cold and frosty, and four large horses seemed anxious to go, holding their heads high in the air, champing their bits and slabbering, impatient of the driver's command. After all the details had been attended to, the bugle sounded our departure, and we dashed down the streets at a rapid gait on our journey, and the sensation was not unlike my first ride on a fast special, one of awe and fascination. Our first stop was at Filmore, where we had our midday lunch, changed horses, and continued on to Shreveport, arriving there on schedule time. I left for New Orleans by train, where I spent several weeks reviewing my medical studies at the New Orleans Medical School, then located on the corner of Common and Baronne Streets. This was before the days of Post Graduate schools, and even before the Tulane Universities were built. It was on this trip that I met for the first time my friend and neighbor, Mr. S. G. Webb, which acquaintance soon ripened into a strong friendship that has continued through all these years. We roomed together the remainder of the

time we were in New Orleans, finally leaving by boat up the Ouachita for Monroe.

Here we again found the familiar old stage coach, and at once engaged passage to Minden. A heavy snow and sleet had fallen, and the whole country was wrapped in winter's icy mantle, but undaunted by weather conditions, the stage left on time with my friend and me as sole passengers. We fared very well until we reached old Vienna, where we had supper and changed horses. As we left that little village the night grew colder and colder, the limbs of the freezing trees began to crack, break and fall, and every now and then, the top of a tree would break off, and go crashing down to the snow-covered ground with a sickening and weird sound. The pine bushes standing by the narrow roadside were loaded with sleet and snow, many of which had fallen into the road, and lay there like white ghosts threatening our approach, and here and there the taller and slenderer ones bent their long bodies and hung their tops well out into the road, barring our progress, and in some instances requiring a halt, while the driver untangled and pushed them aside, so we could pass between them. Ever and anon, we would run into the open country, where the cruel winds swept us from every side. Along

about one o'clock, our driver sounded the bugle for the old college town of Mount Lebanon, and soon our coach was standing in front of a store and a post office, while the post master crawled out of his warm bed, to receive and deliver the mail. This attended to, we moved out of the old town, on our last lap of the journey home, which we reached some time the next morning. That was a night of suffering and loneliness, never to be forgotten by those two young men. The old stage coach will always hold a place in our history, as the transition period, when the country was changing from a wild and rough place, into one of the greatest nations in the world.

Yellow Pine

YELLOW PINE

Yellow Pine of yesterday was a noisy, bustling town of two thousand population, located in the southern part of Webster Parish. It was one in a chain of saw-mills of the Long Bell Company group. This saw-mill plant had a full complement of employers, both white and black laborers, in the proportion of about two whites to one black. It also supported a large commissary, that furnished all kinds of goods for the employees and the farmers of the surrounding country, when they chose to buy at this store. There were many private homes for both white and black, hotels and other houses, and all the equipment for conducting a large sawmill plant. A railroad was operated daily between the forests of fine timber and the mill, where the logs were manufactured into lumber, and sent over the V. S. & P. Railroad to be distributed to all parts of the world. These activities were superintended by several men during those years, but notably by Mr. J. W. Martin, whose geniality and good judgment made this enterprise a great success. However, his co-workers played no small part in the many activities

attending this undertaking. Mr. H. C. Walters, timber man, held a very important place in this association as did also Mr. E. A. Blizzard, Munn, and others of the office force. The commissary was a success under the able management of Mr. Charles Riddle and others, while the lumber part of the plant, which was the big thing, received guidance and direction at the hands of wise and efficient men in the various departments. Here was a collection of people, both white and black, men and women, boys and girls, engaged in the promotion of this great enterprise, and therefore, its physical, spiritual, and educational welfare had to be cared for. Just here, I wish to say that it is a real pleasure to recall the activities of Drs. Lawrence, Prince, Buffington, and Crawford, as my associations with them from time to time in a professional way was always pleasant and profitable. These men stood guard over the industrial workers, giving their time and skill for the alleviation of pain and suffering, and binding up their cuts and bruises and broken bones, which seemed a necessary part of such a hazardous business.

The educational and spiritual life of these workers was not neglected by this company, for schools and churches were provided, and though they have gone

they bequeathed to those left behind and to posterity their school buildings, and the beautiful Union Church whose bell still calls the sleepy inhabitants from the surrounding country to prayer on Sunday morning as in days of old. Here life was real and in earnest. Children lived and died, men and women were cut down by disease and accident, poverty and sadness went hand in hand; men came and went, some were successful and some failures, character was made, and character was lost. In the midst of these tests, trials, hardships, and difficulties, how refreshing to see friends of other days rise under such conditions, and blaze the way to fuutre success. I cannot forego this occasion to speak of my former friend, Mr. Sil Gray, who was a busy worker at this plant during the day and a student at night on his books in mechanical engineering, laying the foudation for the success that came to him later in New Orleans. In the midst of his young manhood and just as he was entering the threshold of a large and useful life, Sil Gray was cut down by death, while launching a steamship, chilling the hearts of spectators, and carrying gloom and sadness to his friends all over the state.

How we rejoice on the one hand, and recoil on the other, as these past memories come trooping through

our minds after these long years. Yellow Pine is no longer the proud business mart as in days of old, but stands today like a shorn lamb in the presence of a driving storm. Her fair forests have all been cut down, the mill is gone, most of the residences and the hotel have been torn down and removed, and the busy worker gone into new fields. I stood last evening at the little railroad station, as the evening twilight was falling over this deserted town, and looking northwest, I could see the beautiful artificial lakes, planned and executed by my friend, Walters, covering the lowland and all deformities of that once famous sawmill site. Then turning to the south, not many yards away was the old commissary, silhouetted in the evening twilight like some great threatening ghost. Just a little farther south was the doctor's office, where pain and suffering was wont to be relieved, and plans and hopes of life were often rudely dashed to earth. The Long Bell Lumber Company's fine offices stood just across the wide street from these buildings, and had been converted into a comfortable residence.

As I stood and mused over the fickleness of time, and the many changes that had been wrought in the lives of men and this sawmill town, my reverie was broken by soft strains of instrumental music floating out over

the stillness of evening from a nearby farmhouse, and as I returned to the home of my friend for the night, I said to myself, "This great change has made this place the mecca for the tired and the weary. Yellow Pine and the surrounding country will take its place in the future as one of the best sections of this parish for farming and stock raising. Those beautiful, artificial lakes built by Mr. Walters, and now being stocked with all kinds of fish, will in future years afford the surrounding country a fine place for a day off, and for party picnics, and thus be a revenue to the owner.

Flat Woods in Summer

FLAT WOODS IN SUMMER

Did you ever travel over the flat woods during the summer time? If not, you have missed a strange and unique experience. The flat woods may be said to consist of a narrow strip of land, extending from Lake Bistenau on the south to the Arkansas line on the north, including the eastern border of Bossier and the western border of Webster Parish. This part of these parishes is mostly covered with a dense forest, dotted here and there with small farms consisting of farm houses, barns, and other buildings, all of which stand like sentinels keeping watch over that lonely section. I doubt if any other sections of these hill parishes is richer, or more productive, than the farms included in these boundaries. They are especially adapted for growing cotton and raising vegetables, and cattle grow fat on the vegetation growing in the woods and the grasses of the old fields lying in disuse since the Civil War. At this season of the year the country is usually dry, and the browsing cattle and other animals, when thirsty, seek water from artifiicial pools and water holes late in drying up.

The roads are narrow and shaded by overhanging branches of the trees, except where they run through open glades, or wind about some field of growing cotton and corn. The noon hour is usually one of quiet and stillness, and its peaceful and sombre surroundings add still more to its charm, while the occasional tinkle of distant cow bells beguiles one into a state of revery, and recalls the days of long ago. In imagination, we see great forests covering the entire country, brave men struggling for existence against the rough elements of nature, loneliness, cruelty, and the savage treachery endured by our ancestors.

We look again, and behold the American wilds have been transformed into a great civilization, with over one hundred million people, great cities springing up and scattered over this broad expanse, like swans on the shimmering waters of some placid lake, and we instinctively exclaim, "Wonderful, glorious forefathers." Our industries purr and throb from almost every hilltop and valley throughout the land, until today America leads the world in finance and commerce. Whence came these sturdy pioneers who have done so much toward shaping the destiny of this country? Our forebears, reared among green trees and growing

crops, singing birds, and wild flowers, living so close to nature and so near to God could not be expected to be anything other than the highest type of manhood and womanhood. Happy today is the boy and girl who has laid the foundation of his or her life among such scenes, and with the modern opportunities for getting an education which gives them advantages far exceeding the pioneer girl or boy.

History teaches that many of the great men and women come from the quiet retreats of nature. We never know the potentialities of a young life until fired by some impulse that leads him out into the vortex of human activity. I sometimes imagine that the boy or girl from the country, living so close to God and nature, sees and catches visions of greatness sooner than the city boy or girl, whose minds are often full of less important things. Let us give these boys and girls the best we have, and some day we may be glad to point to them as the most distinguished citizens of our parish.

Geologists have invaded and overlooked every foot of this interesting section, sent the wild turkey and deer scampering into other fields, overrun the haunts of the opossum and the sheltered retreats of the timid rabbit,

and driven the drill bit deep into the bowels of the earth. R. O. Roy, believing a pool of oil existed in this section, selected section 14, range 11, township 19, and began drilling a well. His first discovery was oil at a shallow depth. He continued his drilling operations, sinking these shallow wells all over the territory until he was satisfied there was oil in paying quantities, and then followed the discovery of the Belleview shallow oil fields. The announcement of oil at such a shallow depth and in such large quantities startled the oil fraternity, but its low specific gravity and difficulty of handling, together with the belief that it would prove to be a small pool and a short lived one, soon reacted and removed its spectacular aspects, and allowed developments to proceed along sane and conservative lines. However, business principles were evoked in working out the difficulties, and soon it began to take form, and found its place among the oil fields of the state.

A town sprang up overnight with stores, hotels, restaurants, and residences for the care and comfort of those who were to develop the field. The heavy thud of large pumps drawing oil from a battery of a half dozen or more wells a hundred yards away, and the

clanking pipes of the drilling can be heard daily, miles away from the field. Treating plants with large vats are a source of interest to visitors and novices in oil matters, as the oil is carried through the various processes, and then turned into the large tanks situated along the L. and A. Railway to be transported to the different refineries of the country.

This territory, remarkable for the shallow depth at which oil is found, the long life of the wells, and the large percentage of lubricants taken from it, is creating quite an interest in the field at the present time. Wells are being drilled northeast and southwest, and a number of derricks are being built and wells drilled all the way to the south east as far as Lake Bistenau, or the head of the salt domes. This section looks very encouraging from an oil standpoint, and there are great hopes that the developments now under way will be the means of opening up one of the greatest oil fields yet discovered in this part of the state.

Ante-Bellum Plantation

Old Plantation

ANTE-BELLUM PLANTATION

I am sitting in the shade of one of the many tall and stately oaks, standing guard like sentinels over the deserted site upon which once stood the plantation home of the Abneys and the Minchews. That old home, seen by the writer a few years ago, before it was torn down, was built long before the Civil War.

It was a two-story log house with rooms twenty feet square, shed rooms, and a long ell with galleries which joined it to the main building. Windows looked out upon a gallery running the full length of the house, and a hall twelve feet wide separated the large rooms and furnished footing for the stairway to the upper chambers. The logs in that building were hewn out of heart pine trees, and the lines were as straight as those cut by a band saw, and almost as smooth as if they had been run through a planing mill. They were about six inches thick, and fifteen inches wide, and locked together in such a way as to give strength and security. This was not all, for it was ceiled with heart pine on the outside and also the inside, chimneys were erected at

each end of the house, it was then neatly painted and was ready for occupancy.

This building stood on a low hill, surrounded by a grove of forest trees, a hundred yards or more from the Belleview and East Point public road, and must have presented a very imposing view for a farm home of that early day. The negro houses were built in the rear, or just south of the main building, or between it and the spring that furnished water for that settlement, located just as the hill breaks into Clark's Bayou plantation, with its hundred acres of fertile, rolling, hammock land, stretching away in every direction from that old home.

As memory carries me back to these ante-bellum days, I can almost hear those old time negroes singing plantation songs as they come from the fields of growing cotton and corn. The stock attended to, lowing cows milked, bleating sheep folded for the night, supper over, these tired sons of Africa threw themselves upon their beds and gave themselves up to peaceful sleep with no care, and no thought for the morrow, knowing their master would provide raiment, food, and all the things necessary for life. His chief concern was more lands, more cotton, more money and more negroes, and after that, perhaps the educa-

tion of his sons and daughters. Life ran smoothly for the master, who used human toil without pay, and who often rioted in excessive indulgences, ease and waste of time.

I cannot leave the associations of the old homestead without leading you across a little draw, almost within hearing of the master's morning call, to a small plot of ground on a hillside familiarly known as the plantation cemetery. Here Uncle Remus, Aunt Jane, and Black Mammy and others are buried. White and black of the surrounding neighborhood would gather in the small cemetery to pay their last respects to these faithful servants, and many were the tears of sympathy and love that fell from the eyes of all present on these sad occasions. They had served their day and time well and faithfully, and deserved a rest from all their labors. Today, as I walk over that little plot of ground now deserted and almost forgotten, with a sunken grave here and there marking the resting places of Uncle Remus and Black Mammy and others, I feel like dropping a flower into each one of them for their uncomplaining faithfulness of long ago. What lives of simplicity, and devotion to the master of these estates, and love and tenderness to the old mistress and

her children! The world cannot surpass it. Peace be to their ashes.

Time can never efface my childish love for these old time darkies, who stayed on the plantation, worked in the fields of cotton and corn, and who would have given their lives a willing sacrifice in defense of Mother and her little flock, while my father and older brothers were on the firing line. Where are these old families of ante-bellum days who reared their families on this sequestered spot? They have followed Black Mammy and Uncle Remus into the Great Beyond, while the younger members are seeking fame and fortune in other fields. How time wrecks and scatters the hopes and aspirations of men, subdues the arrogant and haughty, and uplifts the weak and helpless.

The writer of these lines was just a small boy living on a Georgia plantation during the Civil War, but I cannot forget those stirring times. Well do I remember how my mother and sister and near neighbors met on the roadside, filled with fear and awe as they watched the red glare in the eastern sky as Atlanta burned, and heard the distant boom of the doleful cannon as it carried death and destruction in its path. They talked with bated breath, walked the road, cried, and wrung their hands in despair as

they thought Jim and Tom who were on the firing line. Too young to know what it all meant, but would the excitement and horrors of that lonely night never end for that frightened little boy who remained near his mother's side. O War, cruel War! your bloody hand has struck down the very flower of the young manhood of the South, crushed our industries, and sent many a gentle and kind-hearted mother to a premature grave.

More than sixty years have passed since the Civil War, and yet this old plantation is still staggering under the blow it received during that awful conflict. Hundreds of acres of this once prosperous farm have been idle all these years for want of labor, and have been grazing ground for cattle of all the surrounding country. Lands, too rich to lie idle, have become covered with tall pines and other growths, which have recently been made into lumber and commercial products, and shipped to all parts of the country. The old home, once the pride of its owner, was torn down some years ago, moved near the railroad and converted into a nice bungalow, where it continues to serve man, and points posterity back to an earlier and more romantic age. What has been said of this old farm is true of many others scattered all over the land.

True, the dove of peace has hovered over the North and South since Lee surrendered his sword to Grant at Appomattox Courthouse, but the wreckage and destruction that followed in the trail of the war demon was too great to be overcome in a life time, or even a century. When will the children of men learn to adjust and settle their differences without arms, and according to principles laid down by the Prince of Peace? Would I have that old order of society again? No, not if I could, and when I say that I am strictly Southern, and believe I am expressing the prevailing ideas of the South. We make no apologies for the past, for we believe the negro from the wilds of Africa needed the civilizing and training he received in our homes, but a longer continuance of slavery could not have had any other than a demoralizing and degrading influence on our people, and eventually sapped the vitality of the South. God never intended that one race should be the perpetual slave of another, but has at times given a weaker nation over to a stronger one to care for, and to train, for self-government. This old place, so badly wrecked by war's blighting hand, will in time respond to the new methods of farming by machinery, and will throb again with life, and take its

place by the side of farms less unfortunate, and do its share in supplying the world with farm products. Time will see that nothing is lost.

Filmore

FILMORE

About half way between Minden and Shreveport on the old wire road, at an intersection running south to McDade on the Coushatta road, and north to Princeton and old Belleview, is located the village of Fillmore. This hamlet nestles on a high plateau, overlooking the surrounding red hills and the valleys below, and is possibly the oldest village or town in Bossier Parish, settled long before the Civil War. Picturesque and in many respects ideally located, it enjoyed a long period of prosperity, and was the center for all social events of the surrounding country.

Business was conducuted in other days by Connell and McDade, Ed Platt & Co., Reeves and others, for many years. Many of Bossier's pioneer citizens lived and died in and around the village of Fillmore. In this honored group might be mentioned the names of the Edwards, Forts, Connells, McDades, Hilmans, Murphs, Hickmans, McClanahans and other distinguished families. At a later date others moved away, seeking fortunes in new fields and other enterprises. The

Grays, Hodges and Hortmans whose sons settled near Cotton Valley, and at a later date became identified with the interests of Minden, and today are worthy and useful citizens. A few of the old residents are still alive, true to their first love, clinging to the old nest at Fillmore and environs. It gives me great pleasure to mention in this list my friends: Dr. Paul Lawrence, in the nineties still active mentally and strong physically, the McDades, Britts, Wasums, Hickmans, McClanahans, and that staid old warhorse Sandige, and his inestimable wife.

An evil day came and fate toyed seriously and ruthlessly with the life and business interests of the quiet village, as a cat does with a mouse in captivity. The scars of sadness and disappointment still stare the villagers in the face, but her sons and daughters like the lone night hawk calling to its mate throughout the long darkness, have remained true to the ideals and traditions of their fathers.

During the war between the states this peaceful, quiet village and community was not found wanting, but measured up to its responsibilites and lost. Here it was that "The Robbin Grays" were enlisted and mustered out. Here it was, after feverish embraces of

mothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts, hurried handshaking and fervid prayers to God for their safe return "The Robbin Grays" marched gaily away to the sound of music, many never again to see the red hills of Fillmore they loved so much. Some of them are peacefully sleeping in the Virginia valleys, others rest in Mansfield cemetery, and still others elsewhere over the South. Five uncles of my fellow townsman, Jerry Hillman, followed the flag of the Robbin Grays, and only two returned when the conflict was over. What I am writing of the Hillman family is true of many other families of quiet Fillmore and the surrounding country.

I wish I had the company roster so that I could call each one by name. How I would like to see these village and farmer boys, who consecrated their all to the cause of the South, fittingly honored in their own bailiwick. How appropriate it would seem, after nearly seventy years of silence on the part of sons and daughters, grand-children and other lovers of our country and the South, to erect a shaft on the highest peak of this little cross road town in memory of, "The Robbin Grays," who marched away in 1861. Tourists traveling north and south, east and west, would look upon this shaft and say that this little hamlet and the

surrounding country does not forget her brave and fallen sons. This could be nothing more nor less than tardy justice, and all the world would applaud. If a monument could be erected on that historic spot to the memory of "The Robbin Grays," a company that meant so much to the surrounding country, immortality would hover over that peaceful little village for centuries to come.

After any fratricidal war, and what I am saying was particularly true of the South, demoralization ran riot, and men and boys took law into their own hands. It was just at this period of our civilization that we needed a strong and courageous man to direct us back into sanity and right living. Fillmore had such a hero in the person of Professor Griswell, who for years stood at the head of Fillmore Academy, championing civic righteousness and educational life. Professor Griswell was a true Southerner, and while engaged in the peaceful pursuit of his profession in a Georgia town, he heard the tocsins of war sounded in his beloved Southland, quit the school room and trained Southern boys in the art and science of warfare, using wooden sticks for guns and bayonets, and made bouie knives out of old steel files. It was said of him that he

knew no fear, and a story is told of him that he continued to smoke while he was being shot at by some one on the streets of Newman, Ga. How interesting to note this make-shift of wooden sticks for guns and old files for bouie knives, yet this is only one of many resources resorted to by the South in its conduct of the war between the states. Many returned soldier boys entered this famous academy, and were trained back into the peaceful pursuits of life and usefulness by the grand old educator. His methods of discipline were suited to the times, if a boy could be controlled by love and kindness it was freely given, but the boy never grew too large or too strong for Prof. Griswell to handle if other means had to be used. Many refractory boys over the state, who could not be controlled at home or at the ordinary schools were sent to the academy, and old Prof. Griswell by one means or another, converted them to righteousness and brought them back to sanity, and returned them to their homes useful boys.

It is said one Bossierite boarded and sent nine to this school at one time. The discipline of the old school master was proverbial, and the boy who landed at Fillmore Academy and looked into the face of Prof.

Griswell knew quite well he had come to the parting of the road, and that meekness and obedience would be better policy. The Academy has long since disappeared and that stalwart old man, who came upon the stage of action at Fillmore when such characteristics as he possessed were much in demand, and filled such an important place in society, now sleeps quietly in Fillmore's hundred year old cemetery, dead but not forgotten.

One cold, frosty morning forty-five years ago, I looked for the first time upon that quiet little village as the stage drew up for the passengers to eat dinner, and to change horses to finish the last lap of the journey to Shreveport. At that time a day used in getting from Minden to Shreveport was considered fast time, and this could only be done when the roads were in the best of condition. It was just then that our thriving village had begun to feel the cruel hand of destiny, for the V. S. and P. Railroad was being built three miles south of it, and depression and gloom had already begun to settle over this quiet community. A railroad was to pass through the country, and it was a foregone conclusion that no nearby village or town could withstand the onrushing tide. Labor would be demoralized, and

happy homes broken up, for it was only a question of time when all business would gravitate to the railroad centers. Many are the villages and towns all over the country that date their disintegration and fall to the whistle of the "iron horse" passing through the country. Haughton then sprang up on the V. S. & P. Railroad only three miles away. The glamour of moving trains and a railroad center, coupled with bad roads between these two points, forced upon the denizens of Fillmore the inevitable result: the village's decline and fall. The crash was made complete, when at a later date the L. & A. Railway pushed through to Shreveport on the north of Fillmore, establishing the town of Princeton, and still further, dividing what business Haughton did not take. Fillmore read these inexorable laws of business, and in a frantic effort to hold the community together went into the dairying business, which was carried on for several years, with what success time will acclaim. The man or woman who is willing to wait long enough, and work hard enough will often find the pearl of great price.

Let us hope Fillmore, the village of many reverses, may yet come into her own, and be a shining light that cannot be hid. The road running through the village,

over which so many cars pass daily, is revitalizing Fillmore's business activity. It now has four tourist camps, two or more filling stations and garages, besides other business interests. Fillmore, with her proposed paved roads completed and thousands of cars whirring by her doors daily, should gird herself, and be ready for another period of long and useful existence.

The automobile, telephone and radio are equalizers of men, and make waste places bloom, and convert country residences and village homes into palaces of love and happiness. Some day you will no doubt see all that scenic road from Clark's Bayou to Red Fork dotted with beautiful bungalows and ablaze with electric lights. The city dweller will find such a home just suited to his palpitating heart and to his jaded and worn-out nervous system.

Children like the open for the freedom it gives, they like to look at the big trees, hear the sighing of the wind through the forests, watch the birds fly from limb to limb, listen to the cackling chickens, the squealing pigs and the lowing cattle. Country life means good appetites, robust health, pure blood, and a general well being that goes with a strong child. What does a day of outing up the Hudson, a picnic in some

beautiful park or a long automobile ride far into the country mean to the child, when it is carried back home and huddled in its cramped quarters, with its environment the same today, tomorrow and every day.

The city may suit our ideas and aesthetic tastes, but childhood likes to act on things that move and breathe, that jump, run and climb trees, and the closer the child is to nature the better he likes it. There are thousands of things to interest the child in the country: the worm that crawls on the ground, the bee extracting honey from the flower, the hawk that flies overhead, the cow that grazes in the meadow, and the pigs that fight over the swill in the trough, in fact his life is a busy one peering into the secrets, wonders and common place things of nature. Man is appreciating and thinking more and more of God's great out-of-doors than at any time in the world's history. What we think today, man puts into execution tomorrow.

Pony Ford

PONY FORD

Did you ever go to Pony Ford on Dorcheat, about one mile and a half below Drake's old salt works, and two miles above Lake Bistenau? This sequestered place is where the bayou breaks into three channels during low water, and where the finny tribe bask in the sunshine in the early morning, and swim into the dense shade as the heat of the day comes on. It is the fisherman's paradise. This place is reached from the west by turning off the main road about five miles south of Doyline, and going east through the large and well worked farm of the Willis,' down a series of small hills, into the bottom lands. After crossing two small draws, the land rises into a level plateau, until it reaches the bayou. The camping place proper is a clean spot, covered by fine trees with a dense foliage, affording a shady retreat for the weary fisherman to rest and prepare his midday meal.

It has been my privilege and pleasure to visit this place on two occasions, one in company with Major Leake of Minden, where we met a crowd of Doyline friends, men and women, and enjoyed a superb repast,

eating by the light of the surrounding cars, after the evening shadows had fallen over this weird and uncanny place. The occasion was delightful, and one long to be remembered, for our Doyline friends, the Browns, Willis,' Kirkleys, Blounts, and many others vied with one another in their kindnesses and attetions. The mascot of the occasion was little baby Virginia Alice Blount, who seemed to enjoy the surroundings as much as any one present, went from one to another in childish glee, and kept us all in good humor by her sweet and happy nature. Supper over, all left for their homes wishing each other good luck, and that, coupled with a feeling that life is not all a howling waste, gave a pathos and a beauty as never before to the following lines of the poet:

"Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy, bright
dreams of the past she cannot destroy;
They come in the night time of sorrow and care, and
bring back the features that joy used to wear:
Long may our hearts with such memories be filled, like
a vase in which roses have once been distilled;
You may break, you may crush that vase if you will,
but the fragrance of the rose will hang 'round
it still."

I made a still later trip to Pony Ford with my young friend, Shirley Willis, who made all necessary arrangements, and I must say we had a most delightful day. This time we had quite a different perspective, for we had the pleasure of catching our own fish, and as Willis, Hutchinson and I rowed up and down the bayou, throwing a hook here and there, near this stump and that log, and pulling in the perch and goggle eyes, the blistering rays of the sun and other small inconveniences did not count for much, so long as bait held out and the fish continued to bite. We fished for an hour and a half in the morning, had a sack well filled, and went back to the camp, where the fish were dressed and cooked. Mr. Willis went to his car, and brought out many other good things to eat, and soon a spread "fit for the Gods" was before three hungry men. Who could resist the temptation of eating ravenously under such conditions? Well, I ate, Hutchinson ate, and so did Willis; Hutchinson repeated, and I followed, and Willis trailed as a poor third, and this kept up until prudence suggested there was a limit to all things earthly. Do I want any more fish? Not if I know myself, in fact, personally I would not give five cents for all the fish in Bayou Dorcheat.

You say, "I thought you liked fish," and I say, "I thought so, too, but my appetite has become suddenly capricious and I suppose I am evoluting into a vegetarian." I wonder if Hutchinson and Willis still believe fish a suitable and proper diet for hungry mortals?

I sat in the shade of the trees, and dreamily tried to visualize the activities of the days before, during, and after the Civil War, when the big sidewheeler, The Morning Light, steamed up and down the bayou, bringing in great cargoes of merchandise, and carrying between two and three thousand bales of cotton. I even tried to catch the music of long ago, floating out into the glades of tall cypress and other native growth, and craned my neck to see, if possible, the fleet figures of men and women, as they whiled away the long and tedious hours of the trip, in the giddy whirl of the boat dance. The stern wheelers, The Bonita, The Bill Butler, The Jewel and Maria Louise were visiting packets that made Lower and Middle Landings and Muriel's Point during high water, and many were the gay parties given on board, as the boats hurriedly unloaded their cargoes and were loaded with cotton destined for New Orleans. Your humble writer, just a mere lad, was camped in the woods near the Lower

Steamboat on Dorcheat

Landing, when one of those big boats came to anchor at night, and announced the fact by one of those awful blasts of her whistle. That poor, sleeping country lad was startled from his lowly bed, looked about him, and it seemed to him the very leaves of the trees shook with fear and consternation.

The farmers were eager for Red River to rise and back the water up the bayou, in order to get their supplies, and ship their cotton to market. The warehouses on the banks of the bayou, after unloading one of those big freighters, would be filled with hogsheads of sugar and meat, flour and syrup, row after row, and barrel upon barrel, boxes and bales of merchandise, furniture, wagons, buggies and plows, in fact everything needed in a general merchandise store. To see all these things piled up in those large warehouses at one time would seem enormous in comparison with the quick delivery of small orders in this day of railroads and the motor truck. This was long before the V. S. and P. Railroad had pushed its way from Monroe to Shreveport, and the L. and A. Railway had given us an outlet to the north and south of our city and parish. All the surrounding country depended upon Dorcheat for transportation to and from the market, and the

whole year's supply had to be laid in during the high water, and this did not come more than twice a year, sometimes once, and occasionally not at all.

Steamboating on the Dorcheat in the early days of the settlement of North Louisiana, and the days preceding and subsequent to the Civil War presented another picture quite different from the one drawn, a picture of tragedy, hardship, loss of life and property, and many disappointments and heartaches. A story is told of one of the earliest boats to navigate the Dorcheat which came to Noles' Landing, discharged its cargo of goods, reloaded with cotton, began its journey down the lake, and when only a few miles away, caught fire and burned to the waters' edge. In the excitement and confusion, a woman with a child under each arm, was seen to run to the stern of the boat and leap into the bayou. Some one present, seeing her action, made a dive for her and saved her life, and that of one of the children.

Years after that river disaster, C. K. Chesnutt, while seining, recovered the Shamrock's lost fog horn from the bottom of Dorcheat, and it has been in the possession of the family ever since, and can be seen at the home of his son, H. W. Chesnutt, of Yellow Pine, La.

That old fog horn had been the means by which other boats were warned of the Shamrock's presence, and of threatened danger, thus affording protection to lives and property. Many successful trips had been made by the Shamrock up and down the foggy Mississippi, and Red River, but the old boat at last met its Waterloo by fire, near Augusta Point, below Noles' Landing on Dorcheat, in the year 1850.

How like the little bark of Life, laden with an immortal soul, sweeping out for a long voyage in the currents of God's Great Universe, suddenly and unexpectedly hears the deep, bass call of Life's fog horn, of danger, swirls momentarily in Life's treacherous eddies, and then plunges headlong to destruction and despair. Such is the fate of man and things terrestrial, and yet others passing that way, soon forget the tragedies of the Shamrocks, and their important parts played in the affairs of life. The old hull can be seen today out in the marsh and grass in Lake Bistenau low lands, a mute reminder of the tragic end of the Shamrock, with its loss of life and property.

Lower down the lake, near Pine Bluff Landing, another boat loaded with cotton, the name of which I cannot recall, ran upon a stump, broke into two parts

and sank, but fortunately no lives were lost in that disaster. Mr. C. B. Heflin, father of H. J. Heflin, distinguished President of the Police Jury of Webster Parish, visited the scene of that tragedy, and in after years related to his son how the citizens of the surrounding country gathered there and dived into the water for the cotton, which once extricated from the hull would rise to the surface, and thus pay well for their labors and dangers.

Far up the bayou, and just below the traffic bridge on the road to Shreveport, is another old wreck of a boat partly submerged in mud and water; it has laid there a long time, and the oldest citizens of the surrounding country can give no details of the time and circumstances of its destruction.

Later in the story of navigation of the Dorcheat, a boat load of fine mules intended for use in the cotton and corn fields of North Louisiana, was brought to the Lower Landing. The mules became frightened from some cause, and rushed off the boat into the bayou, where they all perished.

If all the tragedies could be disclosed from the time of the first navigation of the bayou down to the present

time, what a story it would unfold! It would no doubt shock and terrify the stoutest of hearts.

Important as the stream of Dorcheat has been for navigation in the past, its usefulness in that regard has been negated by the rapid and modern transportation of passengers and merchandise by the railroads, motor trucks, and aeroplanes. It is true that Dorcheat held a unique and useful place in the history of North Louisiana, but no more freight bearing vessels will be seen upon its waters. That day is forever past.

Modern times could no more become reconciled to those old and antiquated methods of transportation, than the old ox wagon of half a century ago, to present ways of travel. It is too slow, expensive and hazardous, and besides, does not fit into the new order of things. These facts were recognized by the business world more than half a hundred years ago, and the incident was finally closed when the United States Government permitted a steel traffic bridge to be built across that stream, where it runs into Red River.

The last freighter to come up the Dorcheat was the Rosa Bland, and it only came as far as Noles' Landing, and there discharged its cargo of goods. However, in the year 1892, during some repair work on the road

between Dorcheat and Shreveport, the Blue Wing carried passengers, going east down Red River, and up Loggy Bayou to the crossing of the V. S. and P. Railroad on Dorcheat. There the passengers were unloaded, and entrained for all eastern points. Although many of the sentimental type of men and women regretted to see the old order of things changed, to be replaced by the new, the law of business was inexorable, and nothing could be done but to meekly bow and accept the inevitable.

Where are the pioneers of navigation, commerce and business of those eventful and perilous times? Where are the Gerens, Pucketts, Crichtons, Barnes and many others? Ask the winds that blow, and the stars that shine above; no answer comes from that distant and echoless shore. All is quiet.

Those huge warehouses have long since been torn away, and where business once throbbed with life and activity, quiet now reigns supreme, disturbed only occasionally by the fisherman's oar, maneuvering for better fishing waters, and the iron horse as it rushes over the stream, disdainful of her past memories.

Dorcheat is not only historical in North Louisiana commerce and business, but many have been the

legends told of her freaks and wonders, and stories of love and chivalry, that have marched hand in hand since man first walked upon its banks. The story of Minden is interwoven with the history of this stream through many long years, and a thousand sentiments.

Dorcheat is strictly an asset of the people of North Louisiana, a wonderful fishing stream, and has been for the last fifty years a mecca for tired business men and worn out farmers and their families during the hot summer months, after life's burdens have somewhat slackened. Here has been the one recreation that is cheap, and many families have looked forward to it with great pleasure and expectation. Dorcheat has been a pleasure for big and little, rich and poor, white and black, and for all the surrounding parishes in this section of the state. It belongs to all the people, and the pollution of this stream by oil companies should be prevented by law, and the unlawful destruction of the fish should be stopped.

What can we do with Dorcheat? The possibilities are as great now, or even greater, than at any time since it has been known to man. The world is moving rapidly in every line of business, and the strain upon man's vitality grows with each succeeding day, and

therefore, man must have an outlet, a day off if you please, in which to rest and recover himself, and fit him for the further duties incumbent upon him. Dorcheat is admirably adapted for just that purpose and to that class, and with the expenditure of a small amount of money, could be made one of the greatest fish and game preserves anywhere in North Louisiana.

Just at this time, a body of patriotic and forward looking men who loved Dorcheat's past history, and believe in the future possibilities of this stream, are working on a plan as to the advisability of building a low dam somewhere near the end of Loggy Bayou, that will hold enough water to cover all the waste lands of Lake Bistenau and also back the water up in the bayou as far as Noles' Landing. This would give a lake of some ten thousand acres or more, and with the fish that would breed and grow in this vast body of water, continue the Dorcheat as a traditional fishing stream for all the surrounding country, and for years to come. This project seems feasible, and the food value of this lake would add very materially to the resources of this state, not to say anything of the recreational advantages for the surrounding country. There are still other featurs that should claim our

consideration, and that is by inundating this vast territory, the sloughs and marshes would be covered with water, and this in a large measure would eliminate the mosquito and make living, camping and fishing on or near this stream more desirable and healthier. It has always been a hard matter to protect the game and fish against depredation, but with a lake assuming such importance to the public, it would command and receive the protection it deserves. This is a matter that should receive our careful attention, and be thought out in such a way that will be best for this section of the state.

Brown's Mill

BROWN'S MILL

My friend, Nick Brown, met me on the street and asked me to drive with him ten miles north of Minden to one of his mills. I consented, and on reaching the mill site, Brown went about his business, and as I had time to spare, I strolled down to the sawmill, found a shady place in which to sit and observe, and began to amuse myself with things present and things past. The mill was situated at the foot of a range of small hills, running down to a long, narrow valley, and the logs sawed there were brought down from the hills and up from the valleys, and made into lumber, which was stacked into long rows to dry, before planing and shipment to the markets of the world. This scene was not unpleasant to view, and it, together with the droning saw as it sped through log after log, the noisy engines, the rollicking wheels, and flapping belts, with all the noise usual to a lumber manufacturing plant, carried me back in memory more than a quarter of a century, to a time when I rode over these same hills and through the valleys, while engaged in the practice of medicine.

There was no growing timber to attract the eye of the avaricious mill man, no sounds of squawking machinery to disturb the quiet of the day, only an occasional call of the bob white, sitting on a limb or stump, to its mate far out in the underbrush or briars, and the sound of the plowman as he drove his team afield, growing cotton and corn for the support of both man and beast, and to help clothe the world. Is it possible for such changes to take place on the same land, and in such a short time? I was told that one and a half million feet of lumber had been cut from this small territory of forgotten valleys, and surrounding worn out hill farm lands. If we estimate the lumber at thirty dollars per thousand feet, the world would be enriched to the extent of thirty-five thousand dollars from this territory alone, and what is true of this locality, is true of many other places in the parish. Three miles north of Minden is a prosperous and thickly settled farming neighborhood, and yet strange as it may seem, one and part of the time two sawmills with capacities of from ten to twenty-five thousand feet of lumber a day have been manufacturing lumber within a radius of five miles of each other for the last fifty years, and a new mill is now going up to rebuild one recently destroyed by fire, to continue the work. These

examples should teach us the importance of conserving and protecting our growing forests on abandoned and worn out farm land. It would be interesting to know how much timber was destroyed in preparing the land for farming purposes, also how much virgin timber has been cut into lumber, as well as the lumber manufactured from the young timber grown on the worn out farm land.

The supply of timber is getting more serious each succeeding year, and twenty-five years from now the growth of timber on our waste lands, if properly protected will be in great demand, and a substantial asset to its owners. Timber has been so plentiful up to the present time that our extravagences have known no bounds, but that day is now over, and we should look after our forests as carefully as we do our crops, and hand them down from father to son as wealth, the same as houses, bonds, or any other material wealth. Public policy should demand a law, if there is not one already in existence, prohibiting the cutting of undersized young trees, and the ruthless destruction of growing timber on waste lands. Nature is very forgiving of our ignorance, and unthoughted onslaughts on her bounteous timber supply, and if given proper protection, will reforest our waste valleys

and worn out hillsides and farming lands, in from twenty to twenty-five years. Thoughtful men have pointed out disaster to our forests, if we continue our reckless policy of timber destruction. It is true the government has placed certain restrictions in the cutting of timber, and is spending money trying to educate the people on the importance of conserving and growing more timber. We never knew the real value of our virgin forests, and have let them go for a mere song, until our country is well nigh stripped of our fine and stately forests, and if we do not begin to conserve our young and growing timber, our children are due a very sad and rude awakening at no great distance in the future.

I sat there for two hours thinking of things in general, and watching the transformation of logs into lumber, when a motor car suddenly swung down the valley, and others down the hillside, and out stepped Griffith, Fort, Snell, Bridges, Menefee, and Blount. I pulled myself together and said, "What does this all mean?" My next thought was, "Has half of Minden become interested in the lumber business at the same time, same day, and the same hour?" My perplexity of mind soon passed when Al Blount, the affable son-in-law of Brown, announced that a sumptuous feast

had been prepared under the shade of the trees, at the Sexton spring, a quarter of a mile away. The efficient and accommodating mill foreman, Ed Stout, offered to transport us there, but all declared they had rather walk. There, under the spreading branches of the maple and sweet gum trees, and near a huge water oak, from beneath which gushed sparkling waters that had slaked the thirst of the Sexton family for a hundred years, was spread a repast that would have delighted the most fastidious taste. I feel like special mention should be made of my friend, Griffith, who had just gotten up from a long and painful spell of lumbago, and had been restricted in his meat diet for some time, and now, stimulated by the lazy wind, the great out-of-doors, the odors of barbecued meats and other good things, shelved his lumbago, for the time being at least, planted himself squarely before a heaped-up plateful of barbecued meat and other things served him and without anyone to make afraid or say don't, began the work of retriving lost and unavoidable time. The others, emboldened by his acts, soon surrounded the table, and a gay and unconventional party, swapping wits, whiled the hours away to the delight of every one present.

The old Sexton home stood at one time, a hundred

yards away, but had passed with time's wasting hand, and only a few straggling trees marked the site of that once happy home. I had visited in that hospitable home when a young man, and knew all the family, the kind father and mother, long since passed to their reward, the brothers and sisters, some of whom still live near by, while others moved away and have since died. I looked at the old home site, and thought of the departed family glory, and my heart whispered the words, "Oh, Time, what changes thou hast wrought." The day was to me one full of past memories, the joy of life, and of serious thoughts of the future.

Arizona

ARIZONA

Can this be Arizona? Yes, forsaken but not forgotten.

This old village, once the pride of Claiborne Parish, both as a manufacturing and educational center is now decadent, and almost forsaken. However, clustered about its ruins are many historical associations of interest dating back to the times before and subsequent to the Civil War. Antedating the Civil War the Arizona neighborhood was one of the wealthiest and most important in Claiborne Parish. It was a community of farmers, who owned and worked slaves, and because of the cheapness of labor accumulated much wealth, which was used to make still greater their possessions. This was a typical Southern community of that day, where ease and luxury abounded, and things went well for the master and his family. The slave holding farmers of that time were the prominent men of the country, and their children enjoyed advantages and opportunities no other class of citizens could afford. They were sent to the best colleges and universities in the country, where they

received classical and finished educations before assuming the responsibilities of manhood and womanhood. This necessarily put them in a class by themselves, and hence, their acquaintance and friendship was sought by other members of society, and a marriage into one of those slave holding, aristocratic families was an event of much importance to the average American citizen. Royalty itself, had but little advantage over the well to do slave holding Southern family. Authority and power was invested in the head of the family and his orders and commands were immediately obeyed by the enslaved sons of Africa. The Arizona neighborhood was just one of many such communities which existed all over the Southland. Attractive as was the institution of slavery to the South, we can hardly understand how the intelligent and God fearing people, possessed by that fine sense of justice and right, ever squared their lives with the system of human slavery. It was opposed by the lives of the Pilgrim fathers, was in opposition to the genius of our institutions, and in conflict with the teachings of the Bible and Jesus Christ as viewed from a modern standpoint. Those farmers and patriots could not understand such teachings, and it took a bloody war

to break the bonds of training and ignorance that had dominated the minds of the Southern people.

What I have said is not in a spirit of criticism of the slave holding pioneers and our fellew countrymen, but to emphasize the power of custom, tradition, environment, and the hold early training have upon men and women in determining the trend of thought and fixing the character of their lives. The world was startled a few years ago with the announcement by scientific men of the discovery of the mosquito or germ theory of disease, but even this important information was slow of acceptance by even learned men, and it took time for them to break away from time honored customs and fixed throughts of long training. When the war closed these Arizona farmers read the hand writing on the wall, and knew a different order of things was inevitable, and at once set about to meet these changed conditions. Their negroes had been freed, and they had had no experience in working freed slaves, and at best it was a doubtful undertaking in the face of the demoralization then existing. What could be done? Their families must be supported and educated. These and many other serious and difficult questions came into the minds of old Arizona planters. The South was greatly in need of cotton goods at that

time, and here in the midst of these cotton growing states a cotton mill very naturally suggested itself as an enterprise that would produce wealth, and thus continue the existence of their much loved and prosperous community. This idea predominating, Capt. Monk, Major Willis, Dr. Scaife, Tippet, J. L. Garrett, Jim Baker, Wash Nicholson, Col. Duke, J. A. Nelson, and possibly others, organized what was then known as the Arizona factory. This was a large project for those farmers, inexperienced in manufacturing enterprises, to undertake. However, they were men of vision and boldness, and the necessities of the situation carried them forward in the erection of their manufacturing plant of cotton goods. The work of the organization was pushed forward with speed, directness and with business ability. The one exception that proved fatal to the enterprise was in the purchase of the machinery, which was antiquated and could not be made to meet the requirement of the plant. However, they struggled along with this handicap, but soon ran up against another hindrance of equal or greater importance. After the local market had been supplied, the question of transportation came up for consideration, which was baffling in the extreme. There were no railroads in this part of the country at that time,

A Lone Voice

and in order to get goods to market, it was necessary to haul them by wagon to old Trenton on the Ouachita, or to Minden on the Dorcheat. This was very uncertain and expensive, and their goods could not be marketed in competition with other manufacturing plants of the same class that were more favorably located. However, they continued to operate the factory for several years, trying in various ways to offset those drawbacks, but the losses continued to grow, and eventually the mill had to close down. It was sold at public auction, and this two hundred thousand dollar cotton factory, a considerable sum of money at that time, was sold to John Chaffe for five thousand dollars. The machinery was moved away, the building torn down, and the land sold to Dr. J. C. Calhoun, a resident of the village at the time, but who later moved away from the village and resold the land, reserving one acre on which the old factory stood, because of sentimental associations. The large, tall, brick chimney still stands, with a mantle of ivy thrown about it from bottom to top by Father Time, a memorial to those brave and forward looking men who tried but failed. May no rude hand of greed ever mar or destroy that old factory chimney of Reconstruction days, but may its vine covered top continue to defy the elements for

centuries unborn, and continue as the home of the chimney sweep in the future as in the last half century!

The Arizona citizens were religiously inclined, the Baptist and Methodist faith predominating in and around the village. A story in circulation shows the religious faith and zeal of those sturdy farmers of the Arizona community. A severe drouth was prevalent over North Louisiana, and a rain was sorely needed for the crops which were literally drying up. The farmers in desperation appointed a day and hour to meet at Forest Grove church to pray for the much needed rain. At the appointed time, Tatum Wafer, a local exhorter of the neighborhood, rode up to the church, hitched his horse, took off his saddle and carried it to cover. Some one present, seeing his unusual act questioned his motive, as there was no sign of rain. He said they had met to pray for rain and that he did not want to get his saddle wet. Here was a faith that doubted nothing. It was said later by one present who was not in sympathy with their ideas, that it did rain in abundance before that band of farmers left for their homes. Another rather amusing incident is told of how a trade was a trade between two of those old pioneers. Col. Tippet was said to be a very practical and matter of fact man. He was a great fancier and

breeder of fine stock, and no one knew better the importance of a bounteous feed in the raising of stock. A neighbor applied to the Colonel for the purchase of a good milk cow. The prices were named and the neighbor was directed to go to the barn and see the cows milked and make his selection. This was done and the cow showed satisfactory milking qualities, and upon his return the deal was consummated. A few days later, the friend and neighbor returned and stated the cow was not satisfactory, would not give the supply of milk as she did at the Colonel's barn. The Colonel, after listening carefully to the story of his neighbor and friend, closed the discussion by stating he did not sell his corn crib with the cow.

These farmers and patriots not only felt the necessity of revamping their economical affairs, but also grasped the idea that to carry out their plans for the education of their children, they would have to to adopt simpler and more economical ways of instruction for them. They, therefore, organized a school unit, erected a school house, and employed the best teachers that could be had to teach their children. In this they were more fortunate than in their factory enterprise. This school began under the auspices of J. W. Nickolson, who eventually became

a historic figure as a mathematician, becoming President of the Louisiana State University, the Rev. A. Harris, father of Thos. Harris, Supt. of Public Education in Louisiana, Mr. William Leslie, grandfather of W. C. Barnette, Attorney of Shreveport and Mr. Chappel, a ripe scholar and one of Claiborne Parish's best educators, and a man of most excellent character. This quartette guided the destiny of Arizona Academy in such an efficient and business like manner, it soon had a reputation all over the state. Many brilliant men and women who have held important places in the parish, state and nation received much of their education at that country school, notably: Judge J. C. Palmer, Otis Bullock, W. C. Barnett, Dr. J. C. Willis, of Shreveport and Minor Wallace of Arkansas, called, "The Silver Tongued Orator," and the late Dr. John Kimball, Dayton Harris, and Mrs. Neely Bonner, all graduates of the Arizona Academy. Judge H. F. Bruno of Baton Rouge, now a Supreme Judge in Louisiana, and A. B. Miles who died while superintendent of the Charity Hospital in New Orleans, and considered one of the best surgeons in the South, received their educations from this institution. What an array of brilliant men and distinguished names would be disclosed could I complete this chapter for my readers.

The Arizona Academy lost much of its prestige as an educational center after the failure of the factory, and the moving away of its population, and the school was largely left in the hands of Leslie and Harris. It was still considered a good school and the old village possessed a school air that few other places in the country had.

Late one autumn evening I arrived at this country village, secured a boarding place, and the next day matriculated at that historic school. I remember the faces of some of the students as of yesterday: some are still living, but most of them that I can recall have passed one by one into the Great Beyond. Life in the South was just beginning to assert itself after the demoralization following the Civil War and the days of Reconstruction, and those were the days of trying out and proving the young manhood and young womanhood of the country, for the great responsibilities that come down to them from that period. It is refreshing to know that running through all human affairs there is a brighter side to life and a lighter vein of thought to cheer and encourage us as we go forward. I boarded with Mrs. Jameison, a most inestimable woman, and I shall never forget her kindness to me. She had two sons, Dave and Charlie. A camp meeting was in progress at Lisbon, six miles away, and Charlie

and I decided we would go down to the camp ground and spend Sunday. While my comrade and I were strolling about the encampment as restless boys will do, two fine looking girls passed us. My friend who was acquainted with the girls of that community nudged me, remarking in a low voice that the girl on the right side was Miss ——, and told me where she lived, and also gave a like description of the one on the left. Nothing more was said but a thrill filled the hearts of those two unsophisticated school boys as they continued their walk. It is interesting to me at least to know that several years later the girl on the right side of the happy twain very graciously changed her name to that of my own. Strange how fate will sometimes alter the current of a life, and lead an unsuspecting and unknown school boy into the way of love and happiness. I am sure my kind readers will indulge me in this little personal reference, but the truth is these memories steal in upon me unconsciously and enthrall me when I peer into those school days of long ago.

Here is another school reminiscence with a humorous side, the mention of which will recall it to some who may chance to read this article. All schools have some studious and hard working girls and boys, other

students are less serious and interested in their school tasks, and then there are a few boys and girls in all schools that I have attended who were indifferent, mischievous, full of fun, and up to all kind of innocent pranks. The Arizona school was no exception to this rule. Dave Jameison and Dan Griffin, both fine boys, filled the roll of the spectacular character described. Anything happening around the school requiring an investigation by the faculty was always laid at the door of Dan and Dave. During a protracted meeting in the village, many of the students were in attendance, and Dave and Dan were included. Things were just a little tame for those restless spirits, and with well filled pockets of green grapes they began secretly to flip one at a time up to the low ceiling, and watch it fall upon upon the floor and bounce around, to the amusement of members of the audience. The matter was presented to the school authorities the next day, and as usual Dave and Dan were accused and brought up for trial before the school board. It was thought sloes were the offending missils and they were consequently charged with flipping sloes during church services. J. W. Nicholson put the question squarely before Dave and demanded an answer, if he had thrown sloes during church services, and he promptly answered, "No," and

a like question was put to Dan and his answer was the same. The faculty lost its case and the boys were acquitted, to the delight of all the school. It was a great joke that the faculty did not know the difference between a sloe and a green grape.

School boys will be school boys as long as the world stands, and there never has been or will be said, done or invtented anything that will curb or check the free and hilarious spirit of the school boy, sometime verging on the very brink of criminality. Another incident in the early history of the Arizona school might be mentioned illustrative of the truth of what has been written above. The occasion was again at a protracted meeting, and at that same little church above alluded to. This church was a frame building with a low ceiling, and the floor was on a level with the side walk in the front. While services were being conducted one night some bad school boys secretly took a small calf in front of the door, and by giving it a running start and guiding it towards the door, sent it scampering down the aisle toward the pulpit, to the consternation of the more nervously inclined, and the amusement of others. This of course called for a faculty meeting and investigation, but there was no one seen with the calf, or around the front of the church

Nicholson School

when the calf made its debut, and besides that there was nothing to keep a young calf from becoming scared on the streets and rushing headlong into the church in its fright. The case was nolle prossed for lack of sufficient evidence. Dave and Dan as usual were suspected but escaped the net, carrying a dead secret between themselves for the remainder of the school term.

More than fifty years ago Arizona was a throbbing, busy town of several hundred inhabitants, full of life, activity and hope. Today I walked over this old village after an absence of more than half a century, and met with changes every where, only a few of the old landmarks still remain to remind you of the former village. The old Nicholson school building looked rather familiar with its surrounding oaks, as did Major Willis' home, up on the hill just southeast of the school grounds, where now lives Mr. Corry. The Dr. J. C. Calhoun home, as also that of Mrs. Jameison with whom I boarded, was easily located, but the other places once familiar in the old village had lost their places with the shifting sands of time, so far as my memory went. Just in front and a little to the left was a melon patch covered with dark looking melons, and somewhat further down the road, which led to the school

on the same side was a potato patch on which the factory houses once stood, and still further on where the Blackman Hotel was is now a pasture used for dairy cows. What a change, what desolation! The question arises, "Was Arizona a success?" If viewed from a financial and worldly standpoint the answer would be an emphatic no, but there are other things that must be considered in the making up of life. Effort, determination, thought, sentiment, love and hope are not the least things in a man or woman's life, and if looked at in this light Arizona was a great success. It takes failures of towns and cities, heart breaks of men and women, losses and disappointments to make towns and villages and men and women profit by their mistakes, and thus grow into better towns and cities, and stronger and more virile men and women. The thought was never more beautifully expressed than by the Mobile war Patriot, Priest, and Poet, Father Ryan, writing of the Lost Cause:

"Yes, give me a land where the ruins are spread,
And the living tread lightly over the hearts of dead,
Yes, give me a land with a grave in each spot,
And names in those graves that shall not be forgot."

Yes, it takes failures, blasted lives, lost hopes, sweet memories, and these woven into the warp and woof of every day grow into beautiful lives, fine cities, and a great nation.

May we not cherish the fond hope that the old village of Arizona has fulfilled her God given mission, and now deserves a long period of rest from her labors.

Germantown

GERMANTOWN

The Germantown community, eight miles from Minden on the old military road, had long been a place of interest on account of the people and their former histories. These people came from the principality of Hepsburg in northern Germany, where Count Von Leon owned a large estate which was operated under the tenant or feudal system.

A story was told of Count Leon becoming obsessed with socialistic ideas, which met with opposition on the part of the crown. He was arrested, tried and condemned to die, but through the intervention of the Masonic Order, was released and banished forever from his home country. When the Count received the order for his expulsion from the fatherland, he made requisition through the American Consul at the German Court for permission to enter the United States, this request was forwarded to President Andrew Jackson and his laconic reply was, "It is the pride of America to welcome immigrants such as Count Von Leon and his followers."

Thereupon the Count chartered vessels and loaded

all his personal holdings, together with those of his tenants, and sailed for the United States. They settled at Economy, Pennsylvania, and lived there for two years, but became dissatisfied because of the cold weather, and most of them moved to Louisiana and settled at Campti. While living there swamp fever broke out in the colony and many of them died including their leader, Count Leon. During this epidemic, the colony became in dire need of food and other necessities of life, and a Mr. Teautsch was sent out by them to buy the things they so urgently needed. His delay in returning aroused suspicion, others were sent to look for him, who found his bloody clothes and concluded he had been a victim of wild animals.

His widow and his three children remained with the colony. The boys, at Germantown, later became excellent rifle shots, and many have been the fine turkeys that fell to them because of their unerring shots in competition with Mr. Dugal Stewart, father of D. W. Stewart, who was a near neighbor, and many others in those memorable turkey shooting contests. A few of the descendants of that old family now live around Sikes' Ferry. It is sad to think of the fatal end of the Count and his followers, who lie buried not under their native linden trees, but under the broad

leaf cottonwood and feathery cypress, on the banks of the Red River.

Their move to Campti proved such an unfortunate one for the colony that it was decided to move into the hills where they hoped health conditions would be better adapted to their needs. It appears that the matter was brought to the attention of President Jackson by some member of Congress, and a grant of several thousand acres of land in Claiborne Parish was donated to them, in and around the scene of my narrative. This action was taken on account of their impoverished condition after the death of the Count. It was known that the Countess had already sacrificed many of her personal belongings in holding the colony together, among which were a set of Masonic regalia set with precious stones, sold to the Masonic Order at Natchitoches, and said to be still in their possession.

The move to their new home was effected about 1835. The colonists no doubt looked at those tall, red hills in the wilds of North Louisiana, contrasted them with the low, flat lands around Campti where they had suffered so many hardships and fatalities, and thanked God for the hills that seemed to offer better health conditions for them. They at once set about the reconstruction of their lives, and the rebuilding of their

lost fortunes. The first thing they thought of was homes for the women and children, and the entire colony. A level plat of land on a rolling hillside was selected as offering the greatest possibilities, and a broad street was laid out running north and south, on both sides of which the colonists were to build their homes. They then went into the forest, felled trees, and hewed and sawed them into proper shape for use in the erection of these buildings.

It will be of interest to modern life to know these energetic and ingenious exiles sawed trees into lumber, using a cross-cut saw, for making their floors and ceilings for their houses. Just how it was done I do not know but Mr. Maxey Krouse, an old resident and one of their number, told me he had seen many a board cut in that manner. He also stated that two or three hundred feet could be cut in a day. The houses were peculiar in the fact that they did not have any gables, but were built much like a partridge trap used by boys, the end logs getting shorter and shorter as the top of the roof was reached. The logs were then slatted and neatly covered with boards, the interior ceiled, the doors and windows put in, a big chimney erected at one end, and it was ready for occupancy. The gardens were planted, orchards were put out, and

the timber land brought into a state of cultivation.

How they must have rejoiced as they worked in their gardens, enjoyed the fragrance of the blooming orchards, and looked upon the growing cotton and the waving fields of corn, and saw once more health and happiness come back to the faces of their loved ones. If President Jackson could have looked upon this picture after the one painted by some unknown Congressman, he would have been glad it had been his privilege and pleasure to have been of service to the wandering German Exiles.

The Countess became the titular head of the colony. She has been described by friends as a woman very much the type of Mrs. M. David, of Minden, with iron gray hair, and about the same size. She was said to be very intelligent, talented in music, playing the harp and the piano beautifully. She taught her daughters and others, on a board laid off as a piano, even before she had an instrument. It is said she brought the first piano to Claiborne Parish, and just here, I must stop to say that this old town was the first to organize a municipal band in this section of the country. Their difference in language and their foreign customs and ideas, gave this colony a unique place in their adopted country, but notwithstanding the impedi-

ments, hardships and disappointments, these people never became embittered, disgruntled and unjust to those among whom they lived, but made good and useful citizens in their state. However, the average American looked upon them with an inquisitive mind rather than one to encourage and to help. Just after the Civil War my father, going from Haynesville to Natchitoches, spent the night at old Germantown, and I can vividly recall how he spoke of the hospitality and kindness of those alien people to a traveling stranger. Incidentally, a part of the menu was sweet potatoes, mashed and prepared differently to what he was accustomed, which he enjoyed very much. After Father's return home he tried to have that German dish duplicated, and when served he facetiously called it "stakousky" after his host at that old German village. That dish was always called stakousky when served in our home.

The colony was operated after the socialistic ideas prevailing in Germany at the time of Count Leon's banishment. The various positions were filled by those best suited to the place; for instance, Bopp was the merchant, Stakousky was the bookkeeper, Jenkins the doctor, Langford the carpenter, and so on down the line. The women of the colony took turns

at house keeping, not even excepting the Countess. They were Lutherans in their religious belief, and services were held every Sunday in an oak grove, where an altar had been erected. The preacher, or minister, was Peter Kiser, father of the Countess. Everything was done in order, the bell rang when it was time to get up or to go to work, and when time to come to dinner. Their patient and systematic way of doing things was a characteristic that the average American could not understand, much less fit into his way of living. It has been years since I have heard that clear toned bell calling the colonists to duty or to rest, but their system and order always awoke in me a desire to know more of those interesting people.

It seems the hill country was better suited to the health of the colony, and under the new management, it prospered and became quite an important and interesting place for a number of years.

This colony, coming into their new home, brought many beautiful paintings, pottery and other objects of art. Mrs. Dora Camp, of West Minden, now in her eightieth year, told me a good joke upon herself during a visit to this settlement when she was a girl. She and a girl friend, while visiting there, being invited into one of their homes, came face to face with the life-

sized portrait of Count Leon, so natural in appearance, that she very graciously spoke to "him," but was called back to sanity and life by her laughing companion. Mrs. Camp enjoys the joke upon herself, but declares the picture was the most realistic imitation of a man she had ever encountered. Quite a number of these beautiful pictures and works of art have fallen into possession of families in this section of North Louisiana.

The Countess had a son named Joseph and two daughters, Elizabeth, and Anna Colombias. Joseph—as one story runs—accompanied John Bopp, the colonists' merchant to New Orleans, became separated from him, and was never heard of again; and the other story, that he died while on a visit to old Trenton during an epidemic of yellow fever. In either case, it was a great blow to the Countess for she was said to have shut herself in her room for weeks, refusing to see anyone. The elder daughter married Jacob Stahl and lived in the colony for several years, and the younger daughter was betrothed to a young colonist by the name of Francis Bopp, father of Mrs. Kennon, and Frank Bopp of Minden. He had gone into the Ozarks where he bought land and built a home to which he expected to carry Elizabeth some day as his bride, but he delayed his return, and in the meantime

a music teacher came into the village and played himself into the heart and life of Elizabeth, winning a bride, while Bopp lingered in the Ozarks building a nest for his lost love. When Bopp returned, he found his betrothed had gone from the old home and was living in Bastrop, Louisiana as Mrs. Schardt. He did not long tarry in the hills of North Louisiana but left for California where he lived for several years, forgetting the dreams of his early manhood. He returned at a later date to the old Germantown hills, married a fine woman, and lived a long, useful and happy life. The children of these onetime lovers have often met in each other's homes and laughed at the romance of long ago that existed with dad on the one side and mother on the other.

Countess Leon and her daughters finally moved to Hot Springs, Arkansas to live, where the Countess died in 1881. Mrs. Schardt lived to an advanced age in Hot Springs, where she reared a large family of intelligent and interesting children, some of whom still live there.

At a later date, the colony was managed by Dr. Krouse, Ben Jenkins, and Mr. Stakousky. They operated a large mercantile store, doing business all over North Louisiana, speculated heavily in cotton, and finally failed, after which the colony disbanded and

died out. Some of the colonists moved away and died in other parts of the country, but most of them lived and died in the colony, and were buried on the high red hills overlooking the old colony site. Many of their descendants have married and intermarried into surrounding native families, and thus become completely Americanized. They now speak the English language, attend the public schools, are members of the different churches, have adopted American customs, and are interested in all of our industrial, civic, educational and political activities. Those old colonists loved the rolling red hills that made life possible for them, giving health, strength and vigor, and their descendants for many miles around still cling to the old community. What an interesting people, how they loved the old customs and traditions; but most remarkable of all, how rapidly they became Americanized and modernized in their land of adoption.

You ride by the old colony site and are irrisistably carried back in memory to those days I have briefly tried to picture for you, but you instinctly say, "What will be the future of this community?" Those hills still stand, the air blowing from their tops is just as pure and balmy as the day the immigrants landed there a hundred years ago, and saw such health possibilities

and enjoyed such freedom from disease. There are many miles of that hilly country that cannot be surpassed for health anywhere in North Louisiana. This section offers wonderful opportunities for dairying and fruit growing. A large commercial fruit growing company has already overlooked this community, had the soil analyzed, and given a favorable opinion on it as a fruit growing land. May we not hope that this decadent community will shake off its lethargy, and yet see those hills covered with blooming and fragrant orchards, dairy cattle feeding on the growing grass of the valleys, and country life made one of health and happiness.

Other old and important German families whose descendants are scattered over Webster and Claiborne parishes, are thought by some to have come here with the Germantown colony, but this is an error. Mr. John Murrell, who came from Tennessee in 1818 and settled twelve miles northeast of Minden, was one of the early settlers of the country, and became one of the most prominent characters in the early settlement of Claiborne Parish. The Claiborne settlers heard of some families down on Red River who were at the point of starvation, and they went down to render such assistance as was possible. They brought those immi-

grants back home with them in wagons, where they lived with their benefactors for two years, and finally made settlements of their own in that community. One of that number was the father of Long John Miller, who was so well known in the Bethlehem neighborhood for the last fifty years. Frank, Jim and Willie Miller, Ben Langheld of Claiborne Parish, Mrs. Maggie Greer of Minden, and the Miller families living near Evergreen, and possibly others, are the direct descendants of those stranded and impoverished immigrants located on Loggy Bayou near Red River in 1818. It is to be noted that one of the Loggy Bayou immigrants, while living with Mr. Murrell died, and was the first white man known to be buried in Claiborne Parish up to that time. How the memory of those old pioneers comes trooping before us as we glance into the early days of North Louisiana.

The story of Count Von Leon and Countess Leon has almost been forgotten, but it is well for us to hark back to those early times, and learn of the hardships and disappointments a Count and a Countess will endure for the sake of a political idea.

Mount Lebanon

Mount Lebanon College

MOUNT LEBANON

Many times we drive through a town or a village and simply observe this is B. or D, and then think no more about it, but there are other villages and towns that impress us strangely, and linger in our thoughts and haunt us after we are far away. I never pass through the quaint old village of Mount Lebanon but that I am charmed with her picturesqueness, sitting demurely amidst her wreck and ruin, dreaming of her splendid and glorious past, and like Rachel, refusing to be comforted because her children are no more. The very air seems surcharged with these memories, and her historical remembrances come trooping in from an existence of almost a hundred years. This village is situated at the intersection of the old Trenton stage route and the Sparta and Athens road, two and one-half miles from Gibsland, somewhere near the center of that fine plateau of fertile red land lying east of Black Lake and west of Arcadia, and sweeping back for several miles still further to the south. A general store was built there in 1836 by Reuben Drake, which continued in business under the firm name of Drake

and Canfield until 1847. These two pioneer merchants of the cross roads hamlet, afterwards called Mount Lebanon, were relatives of the forbears of the very large and influential Drake and Canfield families now living in Minden and Webster Parish.

This section of North Louisiana, and the village of Mount Lebanon, was settled by immigrants from Edgefield, South Carolina, about the year 1847, who had no sooner erected their homes than they organized into a religious body and built the first Baptist Church in North Louisiana. The heads of the families enrolled in this organization were: The Burnetts, Canfields, Adams, Quarles, Walkers, Keys, Logans, Casons, Tripets, Drakes, and Gibbs. These immigrants began the task of improving these fertile red lands with slave labor, and in a remarkably short time had changed these wilds into one of the most wealthy and influential sections in North Louisiana. It is very interesting to note the important part played in this constructive work by the Egans, Thurmans, Prothros, Booths, Bakers, Ardis', Courtneys and many worthy citizens of that day.

Mt. Lebanon became a prosperous village, with beautiful homes built amidst the native forest growth here and there along the highways, and soon estabilsh-

ed itself as the business center of the surrounding country, and also was prominent in North Louisiana because of the churches' zeal, and religious and educational activities. The Baptist faith prevailed and because of its activities Mt. Lebanon had become very prominent throughout the State as one of the religious strongholds; but perhaps the most prominent and far-reaching move ever undertaken by the church and citizens up to this time, was when they projected and organized "The Baptist Convention of Louisiana." This brought together and consolidated the scattered working organizations about the state, and gave additional strength and direction, and made possible greater usefulness in the church.

The Baptist Convention of Louisiana originated and had its beginning in Mt. Lebanon, with thirteen members present, in the year 1847. Those participating in this organization were James Scarborough, J. Q. Burnett, Obadiah Dodson, M. Ardis, Dr. B. Egan, W. W. Crawford, W. B. D. Edins, E. Hardy, Jeremiah Burnett, W. B. Prothro, G. W. Bains, and James Canfield. After adopting a constitution, they elected James Scargorough as president, W. W. Crawford as secretary, and M. Ardis as treasurer, these being its first officers. Many prominent men since that humble

beginning have presided over that august body, notable among them the late Congressman J. T. Watkins, presiding from 1902 to 1904. I am not trying to write a history of the great Baptist church of Louisiana. I could not if I tried, but my subject is so closely interwoven with that church and its activities that I cannot write of the one without mentioning the other.

A way was now opened for greater activities, so thoughtful men of the church, realizing the need of a great seat of learning for development of their sons, and also to forward the work of the church, seized this opportunity to advocate a denominational school, and hence, Mount Lebanon University was founded in the year 1853, by the Baptist Convention of Louisiana, directed largely through the untiring efforts of Dr. Barthelemew Egan, who became its first president. Dr. Egan came to the United States from Killarney, Ireland, was a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and it was said of him by Thomas Jefferson, that he was one of the ripest scholars of his age. He became Surgeon General of the State under the Davis administration, and otherwise prominent during the Civil War. He died in Shreveport in 1876, and was buried there because the impassable condition of the roads forbade his remains being brought back to Mt. Lebanon. Dr.

E. B. Egan had two sons, one of whom, W. B. Egan, distinguished himself as a jurist, and sat upon the Supreme Court of the state from 1880 until his death. The other son, J. C. Egan, was a graduate of Bellvue Medical School, N. Y., and later settled at Mt. Lebanon where he became prominent as a practitioner of medicine, and also a surgeon; but sometime after the Civil War moved to Shreveport to practice his profession. He was the oldest doctor in point of years and service in the State of Louisiana at that time. He died while on a visit to Mt. Lebanon, and was buried there. Two children survive him, both of whom live in Mt. Lebanon.

In 1863, Mount Lebanon University closed its doors to education, while many of its young men marched away to follow Lee and Jackson up and down the valleys of Virginia and Tennessee, to fight at Corinth, Mississippi, under Albert Sidney Johnson, and at Mansfield, with the gallant Mouton; perhaps to sicken and die in that awful siege around Vicksburg, while others fell in the midst of strife and carnage elsewhere, and with booming cannon as their funeral dirge, they were laid away to rest, and await the judgment morn. Loyal to the ideals of the South, this educational institution was placed in the hands of the army

surgeons, and was soon filled with the sick and wounded soldiers of the Confederacy. All honor to those pioneers of the red hills of Bienville Parish. True, they loved the peaceful pursuits of life, but when they believed and felt their sacred rights were invaded, and the tocsins of war had sounded, there was no hesitation, but they threw their all upon the altar of their beloved Southland.

In 1882, the old University was restored by the inhabitants of the village and the surrounding country, and used as a high school, but had to close its doors again because of lack of funds. The Baptist Convention of Louisiana later took out a new charter, under the name of Mount Lebanon College, and resumed educational work under the leadership of Dr. Reese and others, which continued until it was destroyed by fire. It was rebuilt by the Convention and private subscriptions, Mr. J. Lewis Baker of the village contributing very liberally for that purpose the amount of forty thousand dollars, a princely sum for that time, and it continued to function with varying degrees of success until it was decided to move to Pineville, from where it was thought a college could better serve the activities of the Convention and its people. Mount Lebanon Female College was another

institution of this village, and was founded about the same time as the University, and was operated under the cultuivated Mrs. Hanson, but it, like its companion institution, was closed on account of the war, and was sold to the state for a laboratory, later to be destroyed by fire.

The Mount Lebanon College buildings were sold for a trifle and have been torn down and moved away, and on the spot now stands a small public school building, as if to mock this old historic site of learning. Most of the trees still stand on the campus, but look as if they, too, await despoilation at the hands of the thoughtless woodman's axe.

Just across the street from the campus, a little nearer town, is a small cottage shaded by an immense magnolia tree. Here the cultured and talented Miss Lavinia Egan does her literary work. I am told she is writing a book, which will no doubt be given the public in the near future.

Many of the boys and girls scattered over the country, now men and women, received their education from that historical old college, some school presidents, teachers, preachers, lawyers, doctors, and housewives; some prominent in the church and ambitious in the state; some living and others dead.

I might mention that our lamented and beloved Noah Shealy was at one time a student, and later a teacher in that famous old school. I am sure it would make the alumni sad to see the many changes that have taken place since they were there, but despite it all, there is still a college air about the old village, and you almost expect to see serious looking young men and women, going and coming, with arms full of books and classical literature. Like a shorn lamb it is pitable indeed, but still you love its enchanting weirdness, and you want to see it again.

In my visit to the old village, curiosity led me out west by the Baptist church, down through a small valley up a winding red road by the Thurman home-site, to the top of a hill running north and south, and breaking away abruptly to the west, and on this high elevation, "The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." Gray's elegy of the country church graveyard impressed me as never before as I walked around among hundreds of graves and read the epitaphs here and there of fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, friends and foes, many of them reaching back to ante-bellum days, linking the present with the past, all sleeping the sleep that knows no end. Some had been prominent in society, church and state,

others who were content to pursue the simple and even tenor of their way, some low and some high, some rich and some poor, some disappointed and crushed, and others cut off in the very flower of youth. Down in one corner of the cemetery were thirteen graves with little markers, and a small monument overlooking them all, and I read, "In loving remembrance of the unknown soldiers." Dead though they have been for many years, but still alive in the hearts of the good people of Bienville Parish and the South. Can this be the end of those soldier boys? Faith says, "No," and points triumphantly to the cross, and we gladly affirm the sentiment of Napoleon at the side of his favorite and dying Marshal Duroc: "This is not the end of life, we shall meet again, Duroc." Flowers will be placed by tender and loving hands upon the graves of the unknown boys in gray, just so long as we continue to love the Southland.

Dream on, old village. Your past record is truly one of honor and worth, and your wreck and ruin of today may yet be the footstool of a greater and far more lasting service to mankind. Who will say no? Greater things than these have happened.

Overton

OVERTON

If you want a thrill, do as I did, get into your car at Minden, drive down beyond the overhead railroad bridge to the gravel pit on the Sibley road, turn to the right, cross Prothro branch, go up a steep hill to the large plateau of land upon which once stood the village of Overton, and indulge your memory and vision in trying to connect the past history of Overton with the present, past, and future of Minden. It is like bringing together the living and the dead in a great seance meeting, or calling the present and the past into a secret conclave, for the discussion of the sequences and events that have taken place in the last hundred years. It is true there is not much to be seen to remind one of the old village, but the weirdness of the surroundings takes hold upon you and soon memories of the past, thoughts of today, and visions of the future will command your attention.

The property upon which this historic old town of Overton was located is owned now by Judge and Mrs. Robert Roberts of Shreveport, and the adjoining

property to the west is owned and is being developed by Judge Roberts and T. Crichton, Jr., as a hunting preserve and fish pond. This property promises to be a rather artistic and beautiful retreat, if present plans are carried out.

However, at this time cotton and corn cover the old village site, and forests of young pines and other trees grow around that historic spot. The raised road, leading from the high land down through the bottom to the landing, is now being used by those interested in an extensive chain of dams in covering several hundred acres of land with water, for a game and fish preserve. A scenic driveway is being built around the entire property, which will cross narrow bridges, run through shady dells, and will give a fine view of the large, artificial lake and Dorcheat—where the large warehouses once stood—and be a veritable retreat for lovers taking an evening ride. The name of this preserve will be "Overton," to preserve the memory of the old town.

Another road runs up a steep hill by the keeper's residence, and farther on, and just to the left of the top of the hill, in a grove of fine trees, is a private swimming pool and a two story bath house, with wide, surrounding galleries, which overlooks the lake to the

north. Many feet below the top of the hill are three large springs, curbed with cement, and fifteen feet in diameter, from which flows cool and refreshing water, clear as crystal, and in ample abundance for supplying the swimming pool and bath house. To spend an hour or two in recreation and rest, after the wear and toil of the day is over, or for private picnic parties, this quiet retreat could not be excelled. When Mr. Crichton gets his program completed on the Dorcheat, his property will no doubt be a pleasant attraction for his friends in Minden for many years to come.

A branch railroad runs down the bayou from the L. and A. Railway to the V. S. and P. Railroad bridge, and has been used in taking the gravel from the bed and banks of the stream for commercial purposes. This industrial enterprise has somewhat marred the beauty of the stream, by uprooting the trees and causing deep indentations here and there in the banks, as the stream dredge pumps out the gravel. The large warehouses have long since disappeared, and only a small club-house marks the spot to tantalize us, as we think of that that once famous port of entry.

It is doubtful if two dozen families living in Minden today know that fifteen years before Minden was a

town, and fifty years before Webster Parish was organized, Overton was a thriving village at the head of navigation on the Dorcheat. The village was surrounded on the east by Prothro Branch, south by Cooly, west by Dorcheat, and north by that high table land, a continuation of that on which the village formerly stood, extending as far as the Shreveport road. These early settlers displayed good judgment in selecting Overton as the site for their town, a high, rolling, well drained plain, at the head of navigation, and surrounded by good farming lands. It seemed an ideal place from every business angle for a prosperous and growing town. I believe they made the best selection of a town site that could have been made between Port Bolliver, at the head of Lake Bistenau, and the traffic bridge to Shreveport. Viewed from the standpoint of today, the proud citizens of well kept Minden would be disposed to say, "How strange and stupid in those pioneers to settle so near the Dorcheat, where the mosquitoes swarm, and malaria and other diseases run riot," but we should remember that there were no railroads at that time, and all commerce and trade followed the streams and the rivers, and not

unlike citizens of today, business and trade often led them into hardships and dangers.

The lack of adequate measures of protection, and often the need of scientific treatment caused many to suffer from disease, and some died from malaria brought into the village by fever-laden mosquitoes from the surrounding marshes of Prothro, Cooly, and Dorcheat Bayou. This was long before the use of the screen, and other measures, for the prevention and extermination of the mosquito—now in force in every town and community—and many nights were made hideous to the villagers by these pesky little insects that swarmed into the village at night, to sing their disturbing little songs, and feed their ravenous appetites upon those unfortunate and helpless citizens.

In spite of these disturbing elements, and other drawbacks, these indominable people went ahead building up the town, and its growth was so phenomenal between the years 1821 and 1837, that it was decided to make it the parish site for the large territory of Claiborne Parish, which comprised all North Louisiana at that time. The parish site was removed from Russelville to Overton in 1836 and a jail was built at Overton, but the courthouse was never erected,

however, suitable quarters were secured, and court convened regularly at that village for ten years. It would seem that Judge Overton was the presiding judge at that time, and the village was named in his honor.

Overton was finally abandoned as the site of the Claiborne Parish Courthouse, and moved to Athens in 1846. It has been said it was moved because of sickness and the mosquito, but the writer, looking back to that time, cannot give full credence to that idea, but believes contending sites for courthouse honors had much to do with spreading that propaganda, for mosquitoes and malaria were the common heritage of almost all North Louisiana at that early date.

This article on Overton would be like honey comb without the honey should it fail to take cognizance of Neut Drew, who founded this bayou village in 1818 and built a water, grist, and sawmill near the mouth of Cooly, to grind corn into meal to furnish bread for the people, to cut logs into lumber, and to build houses in which to live. This man must have had an indomitable will, and a determination suited to the times in which he lived, to contend with the many hardships and handicaps which met him on every corner and on

all occasions. He wrought well in his day, and has handed down to posterity a heritage that any man might well be proud of. Neut Drew had four sons, and several daughters. The daughters grew into womanhood, and true to their maternal instincts, married men in the communities in which they were reared. Thomas Drew, Harmon A. Drew, and Richard M. Drew entered the profession of law, and were closely identified with the legal and political fortunes of North Louisiana and South Arkansas. Thomas Drew, the eldest son, became the second and third Governor of Arkansas; Drew County was named in his honor. Governor Drew eventually moved to Texas, where he died, but his remains were brought back to Arkansas only a few years ago, and reburied in Pocahuntas county, at the time of the dedication of a monument erected to his memory. Harmon A. Drew was District Judge, when Claiborne Parish covered that large territory between Natchitoches and Arkansas, and the Red and Ouachita Rivers. This fact is testified by many documentary papers still in existence pointng back to that time. His son, Charlie Drew, once a resident of Minden, is now living in Monroe. Richard M. Drew was also Probate Judge of Claiborne Parish,

and died during his term of office. His distinguished son, Hon. R. C. Drew, late of Webster Parish, held many important public positions, from County Judge of Webster Parish to Appelate Judge of the District. Judge Harmon C. Drew, a son, is now judge of this district, but was recently elected to the Appelate Court of the district, the duties of which he will assume in the near future. His other children hold places of honor in the parish of their birth and nativity.

In those early days down in Cooly bottom, at the old water grist and sawmill, worked two impetuous youths, who disagreed and staged a fight; the onlookers saw only a fight between two hot headed youths, and little thought these same boys were to become fast friends, and play such an important part in North Louisiana life and politics. Col. J. W. Berry, one of the combatants, became a prominent figure in the commercial activities of Minden and the surrounding country; later, he was elected Assessor of Webster Parish. He was the first man in Minden to become a Mason, and this was done in the home in which he afterwards lived. Col. Berry had a large family, all of whom are dead except W. B. Berry, a son now in his eightieth year. Mr. Berry holds the distinction of being the

only surviving member of the Ku Klux Klan who went out from Minden during the days of Reconstruction, and also of being the oldest Mason in membership, as well as in age, in the city of Minden.

The other lad who fought young Berry in Cooly bottom was none other than the Hon. Bill Martin, better known politically by the familiar sobriquet, "Chicken Bill Martin," who became such a unique character in the politics of North Louisiana. The Hon. Bill Martin had the faculty of tying to his political ambitions a coterie of strong and influential friends, who usually gave him the necessary votes for election. I recall when I was a small boy, one of his political campaigns where I heard him speak at Haynesville, and to the best of my recollections he pledged himself, if elected, to make Dorcheat navigable as far as Sikes' Ferry. The navigation of Dorcheat at that time was a very important matter, as upon it depended particularly the welfare and upbuilding of North Louisiana. Political pledges are much easier made than kept, and the subject of the navigability of Dorcheat to Sikes' Ferry will continue to be discussed by future generations. However, it is a fact that Hon. Bill Martin did get an appropriation of five thousand dollars from the

Legislature for the improvement of Dorcheat, which was used in clearing the stumps, trees and logs from the bayou, beginning at the bridge at the Shreveport road and continuing as far as Long Springs, where the L. and A. Railroad crosses that stream going north. While in the Legislature he was accredited with getting an appropriation with which to buy corn for the farmers of North Louisiana with which to make their crops, the corn crop having been a complete failure the preceding year, because of a long drouth. Many campaign stories, criticisms, and insinuations were hurled against the Hon. Bill Martin in his memorable races for Representative from Claiborne Parish. A story is told of him, that he talked so entertainingly of the fine homes, good farms, and other resources of Claiborne Parish, especially the fine fishing and hunting on Dorcheat, that four or five of his comrades in the Legislature made a visit into Claiborne Parish to spend a few days in his plantation home, hunting and fishing with their distinguished friend, but to their surprise found him comfortably enjoying a one room log cabin, not at all suited for the entertainment of such a distinguished body of Legislators. Despite all that has been said for and against the Hon. Bill Martin, he will

go down in the history of North Louisiana as one of the strong and forceful characters erupted from the times in which he lived.

It is to be noted that Luther Pratt, father of that old and honorable family of Webster Parish, of whom only one member now survives, cast his lot early in the life of Overton, and was closely identified with that village's eventful career. He died in 1856, and was buried in Overton Cemetery, on the hillside. His sons and daughters had a large part later on in the building of the history of Webster Parish. It has been my special privilege to have known three members of that noted family: Mrs. Bell Vance, wife of the late Dr. Thomas Vance, who still lives at the old home site in Minden, and Mrs. Suggs and Webb Pratt, who died several years ago. Webb Pratt was Sheriff from 1886 to 1900. He spent all of his life in Minden and was beloved by young and old, big and little, and it has often been said that his greatest enemy was himself, for he would absolutely forget his own interests, when he could help or make somebody else happy. I pause here to say, that of all the men I have known in a long lifetime, none had a bigger or better heart than Webb Pratt.

Mr. Jasper Hays of Minden, now in his ninety-second year, who lives with his son, Clifford Hays, on Elm Street, was born at Overton in the year 1837. His family moved a few miles east of Mount Lebanon when he was quite young and made their home there. Mr. Hays later became prominent in the development of North Louisiana, holding the office of Recorder, at Old Sparta in Bienville Parish from 1868 to 1870, when he resigned. In spite of his extreme age he is still alert, and can recall many interesting incidents and happenings that occurred back in those early days.

There were many other prominent citizens, at one time or another, identified with the activities of Overton: Dr. Newton, the Aldens, the Berrys, the Gerens, Pucketts, and others, whom my limited knowledge, and lack of means of getting information, prevents any mention of at this time. It is sad history has left so little data concerning the village of Overton, and that there were no pictures portraying the sturdy features and characteristics of the men and women of that eventful time.

Nothing tangible remains of that old village site to point back to Overton's existence, but just north of where Overton once stood is the little cemetery on the

wooded hilltop, where three tombstones still stand to tell of individuals who lived and died there, almost a hundred years ago. What tragedies and heart rendings, what sadness and gloom, fell upon that little colony of pioneers as they laid their loved ones away, one by one, on that high hilltop in the wilds of North Louisiana. The first burial there was little seven-year old Cordelia Remer, only daughter of the old steamboat pilot.

That sweet little girl, whose mother was dead, lived with her father on his boat, plying between New Orleans and the landings in North Louisiana, including Overton. It was a new experience for Cordelia, who had been reared in a city, to see men hoeing long rows of cotton, and plowing in fields of waving corn, and to look upon sleek herds of cattle grazing upon the pasture lands along the banks of the river Daddy's boat was ascending, and no doubt watched with keen delight the little calves as they ran and played, circling round and round their dams, which were feeding upon the tender grass. In their trip up the Mississippi she watched the big boats that passed Daddie's boat with childish glee, and as they steamed up the Red River she was charmed with the beautiful trees and

the hanging moss. She also enjoyed seeing the deck hands walk the gangway, carrying goods ashore and bringing back cotton and wood; was interested in the men and women standing on the banks at Coushatta, East Point, and elsewhere, noted Daddie's maneuvering of his big boat as he turned into Loggy Bayou, and probably counted the passing cypress trees, played dolls, and fell asleep during that long and tedious voyage up Loggy Bayou, through Lake Bistenau, on past Port Bolliver, and finally landing at Overton.

"Is this Overton Landing, where Daddy goes and stays so long away from home?" There are only a few acres of tableland on the Dorcheat, where probably stood a small warehouse, there a wide place in the bayou where boats could be turned around. Tall and straight cypress trees stood close together up and down the stream as far as the eye could see, calling to mind soldiers on dress parade. The trunks of the large trees and the overhanging boughs cast fantastic and grotesque shadows across the bayou's murky waters, presenting a somber and weird picture to little Cordelia the first time she looked out upon Overton Landing. Still, she no doubt enjoyed this frontier experience and landing scene, and had treasured up in

her young mind many little incidents and experiences she expected to relate to her far away playmates, upon her return home. The villagers came down to see the boat, and to meet expected friends and relatives coming to North Louisiana, to receive their mail, and make arrangements to handle the goods brought in on the boat. Daddy had been too busy steering his boat around the curves and angles, to give his dear child much attention, and Cordelia had only the protection of her instincts against the mosquitoes that swarmed around the boat both night and day. That was long before the days of the mosquito theory of disease, and its deadly bite was thought to be a matter of little concern, nothing more than the pain inflicted. All was tumult and confusion about the boat, loud voices could be heard here and there, giving directions to the deck hands, as they sang their river song while unloading and reloading the big boat. Little Cordelia became suddenly and seriously ill, the doctor was called, and now the din and hum quieted somewhat, and when the report came the little girl was dead, ceased altogether. Far from home, with no way to preserve her little body so it could be carried back and laid beside her mother, it was prepared for burial, and loving hands laid little

Cordelia away on the highest hill just north of Overton, in the presence of the sorrowing villagers and the broken hearted father and steam boat pilot. A marble slab was erected at the head of Cordelia's grave by the loving father, and there it stands today, in almost perfect preservation after nearly a hundred years. Just a few feet from Cordelia's grave is the one of young Philander Inglesby, and you almost instinctively conclude he is keeping watch over her sacred dust, and just a few feet still farther on, is the grave of the kind-hearted Doctor Newman, who followed his little patient just three years later. This little white marble slab looks down on Dorcheat, where Daddie's big boat was anchored, and from where he, later, so often looked up to the high hill and thought of his dear little Cordelia, asleep up there. For almost a century, the winter's blasts have swept that high hill, the cold rains have fallen, and once a year the gentle snows have descended and covered with whiteness and beauty the underbrush, briars and drifting leaves about that unkept and forsaken shrine, where rests the sacred dust of our sleeping little heroine. The warm sunshine would come again and the buds of the trees swell and burst into green leaves, and Springtime would step forth with all of her freshness and beauty,

the birds would sing in the nearby trees, and the flowers bloom, but still little Cordelia Remer sleeps on in her narrow bed, where loving friends and a broken-hearted father laid her.

Lost to the world in the wilds of a North Louisiana forest, but God knows where and will take care of Little Cordelia Remer. How encouraging at such a time to recall the words of the Master, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not." Who will cut the briars and overhanging undergrowth about the grave of a mother's child, and place some fresh flowers above her sacred dust where she has been sleeping, sleeping for almost a hundred years, far away from the last resting place of Daddy and Mother.

There the villagers sleep in their lowly beds, while above their graves, timid rabbits play hide and seek among the growing briars and creeping vines; there tired fathers and mothers rest, undisturbed by the scream of the passing night hawk, or the revels of the laughing and hooting owls; there let Overton's pioneers quietly and peacefully sleep on. It is all over, gloom has settled on the one time courthouse village site of Claiborne Parish hard by the lake.

Old Minden

OLD MINDEN

It will no doubt be a surprise, and a matter of interest to many residents of Minden and the surrounding country, to know that this beautiful city of the hills is nothing more nor less than the overgrown child of the little, one time, lake village of Overton. Haughty and aristocratic Minden may not care to have her heredity disclosed, and like naughty sons and daughters may taboo the very idea, but still the facts are inescapable, that Minden is the offspring of old Overton which once stood upon the hill, overlooking the lowlands of Cooly and Dorcheat bottom. Minden should be proud of those pioneers and patriots who suffered so many hardships in blazing out the way for the subsequent growth and development of this beautiful city and fine citizenship. Justice demands that Minden should do no less than erect a shaft on that historic spot pointing heavenward, and proclaiming to weary fishermen and others who may chance to come that way, the hardships and deprivations suffered by our fathers and mothers, that succeeding

generations might enjoy the comforts and blessings which they were denied.

O, sons and daughters of Minden, break the spell of progress and growth, stop the wheels of commerce and pleasure for just a moment, and bow your heads in reverence for the honorable and self sacrificing lives of those early pioneers and patriots who gave us freedom and homes of comfort in North Louisiana. From time immemorial, man has looked with envious eyes upon his brother's birthright; it was so with Cain and Abel, it is so with us today, and it was no doubt true in a measure, with our forefathers in the selection of Minden as a town site. Overton had some disadvantages which were hard to overcome, considering the knowledge of that day, but if the same energy, thought, and zeal that was afterwards bestowed upon Minden had been given the Lake Village, it might have spread north on that level plateau as far as the Shreveport road, and with a fine stream of water for manufacturing purposes, and with navigation right at Overton's feet, this story might have been different. However, that question was settled by these contending villages almost a hundred years ago, and I hope rightly, but viewed from today we canappreciate the fact that

both aspirants had good reasons for their contentions.

The site upon which Minden now stands was purchased from A. L. Stewart by Charles L. Veeder in 1835, and a building was erected on the spot where now stands Crichton's Mercantile store, which was used by Mr. Veeder as a wayside inn. This ambitious and important purchase by Mr. Veeder, according to the story told by Mr. Burton Miller, an old pioneer and father of J. R. Miller, forever ruined one of the finest and best deer stands in all the country; but Mr. Miller lived to see a thrifty town grow up, and conducted a business for years on the very spot where he had listened to barking hounds and excitedly awaited the oncoming deer. Mr. Elisha Nickerson was also one of the early pioneers and could talk by the hour of Indian settlements and many other things of interest in that day. I must not forget Mr. Mark Talton of that early period, for he was the mechanical genius whose services were in great demand for building houses, the roofs of which had to be fastened with wooden pegs because there were no nails to be had. Suppose that skilled mechanic had found upon his return to one of his house building jobs, a bag with a few pounds of eight or ten penny round nails such as we use so recklessly

today, no doubt he would have thought it a special dispensation from above, for honest services rendered. How seldom we think of, and how little we appreciate, the conveniences and comforts of these modern times.

The town was laid off by Mr. Veeder in the year 1836, comprising all that level table land, beginning at Prothro Branch and extending east half a mile or more, and outlined on both sides by branches running parallel half a mile apart, thus separating the old town site from the several subdivisions incorporated since that day. Mr. Veeder was of German extraction, and therefore, very naturally went back to the fatherland for a name for his new village, and our city was named for a German town on the Weeser River in Northern Germany. Other stores and industrial enterprises followed in rapid succession, and soon the new town site assumed the air of an important and growing village. It was about this time that Wilson and Wells, Lee and Company, Morrow Company, Berry and Company, Myers Fisher and Company and A. Drake, Sr. opened mercantile stores in the new village. The center of population had moved westward and the courthouse site of Russelville was to be moved in that direction, and Overton was an aspirant for the place, and was

led in the fight by Neuton Drew and others, while Mr. Veeder, a promoter and a farseeing man, led in the fight for Minden. Tradition and history suggest that much propaganda had been directed against Overton, first on account of one thing and then another, and the contest was bitter and no doubt vigorously made by both parties—as all courthouse removals are—and finally resulted in the victory for Overton. This election in which Overton was made the county site for Claiborne Parish, which had been created from Natchitoches Parish in 1828, and included all the territory between the Ouachita and Red River, and the Parish of Natchitoches on the south, and the Arkansas line on the north, took place in the year 1836. It might be repeated here that the county site was moved again back east to Athens in 1846, and after the burning of the courthouse and the records there, was removed to Homer in 1848. Bossier became a parish in the year 1843, and the parish site was at Fredonia or Society Hill, and a few months later changed to Belleview. The courthouse site was moved from Belleview to Benton, after a heated contest between two or more towns in the parish for that coveted honor, in the year 1882. In 1848 Bienville Parish was created, and Sparta became the courthouse

townsite. And then after the L. and N. W. Railroad was built, was moved to Bienville on that road, and still later to Arcadia. Webster, the youngest of this quartette of North Louisiana parishes, just east of the Red River, was created and the courthouse built in the year 1872. To continue, Mr. Veeder who was not a man to give up with one defeat, at once set about the next best thing to do with his little colony. He knew no town could prosper or survive long that did not take an interest in schools, colleges, and churches; and thus it was soon after his courthouse defeat that Minden Academy was projected, and a building erected on the site now occupied by Minden's beautiful public school buildings. The Minden Academy was conducted as a mixed school for boys and girls from 1838 to 1850, under the able management of the following principals in the order named: Rev. R. T. Baggs, Henry M. Spoffard, Prof. Burk, Rev. William Brooks, and Rev. W. H. Scales. A reorganization was affected in 1850, Minden Academy became Minden Female Seminary, and began its career under the management of John S. Garvin, who resigned a year later. The management then fell to J. D. Watkins and A. B. George for the next two years, when it again changed its name to Minden

Old Minden Female College

Female College, and was administered successively by S. L. Slack, Franklin B. Ford, J. C. Bright, D. D., Rev. T. B. Russell, and Miss Mildred Boyle, the late Mrs. Mildred Webb of Minden, than whom a finer and lovelier character never lived in this town. Still later it was presided over by Col. Thomas O. Benton, and many others, until the college was torn down for the erection of public school buildings.

The citizens of Minden were thoroughly awake as to the importance of her educational institutions, and they left nothing unsaid or undone that could in any way promote the interest of the Female College. It was sometime in the fifties when Col. J. W. McDonald, serving as a member in the Legislature from Claiborne Parish secured a donation of five thousand dollars for the benefit of the Minden Female College. This was one of the oldest colleges west of the Mississippi River, served a useful place, and had a great career in North Louisiana. Many fine, christian, young women were graduates from that old college, and it gives me special pleasure to recall quite a number who are not only my friends, but an inspiration and a benediction in my life.

It was also about 1850 that the Male Academy was built, largely through the liberal donations of Mr.

Abner Drake, Sr. who contributed the grounds now known as Academy Park, and a large sum of money. During his career it had an array of distinguished principals, included among whom were: J. D. Watkins, A. B. George, Paxton, John H. Brantley and S. D. Spann.

Mr. Veeder, wise in his concept of life, had staged a most important step towards advertising his new town in the building of Minden Academy, clearly understanding that no town could become stable and enduring that did not recognize religion and build houses for the worship of God. The Methodists organized in 1839, and built a church on the ground where that church stands today, and the Baptist Church was built in 1841, on the lot just west of the Catholic Chucrh. The Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Catholic and other churches of Minden, have been built as the town continued to grow in population, and a demand was created for churches of their particular order and faith. Religion and education have always gone hand in hand with advancing civilization, and its neglect or decadence foreshadows the decline, fall, and decay of national life. The citizens recognized these potential

factors in holding together the villagers of Minden in the early days of its existence.

Perhaps the greatest acquisition to the village of Minden was in the early forties, when John and Charlie Chaffe came from England to North Louisiana and opened up a merchantile business on the site now occupied as a store by Mr. Will Suggs. This addition was later followed by other English families, notably, Mr. Chris Chaffe, a brother, J. C. T. Chaffe, a nephew, J. C. Loye, A. Goodwill, Life, Cole, Mullins, Peabody, Winnfred Scott, the Farleys and perhaps others. These immigrants soon became closely identified with the industrial and business life of Minden, and for many years gave their services and efforts in its further development, and thus handed down to their families and posterity lives of usefulness and activity, and a name indissolubly linked with Minden's early achievements.

When the question of state rights had culminated in a division of the North and South, and war had been declared between the states, Minden was not slow in casting her fortunes with her beloved Southland. The Minden Blues were organized and mustered into service in 1861, with the following officers: J. L. Lewis, Captain, and Thomas Tompkins, B. T. Sims and

William Blackburn, Lieutenants. A year later a cavalry company, The Minden Rangers, left for the seat of war under the command of Captain Wimberly, W. C. Patilo, 1st Lieutenant, A. G. Harper, 2nd and Joe Hamilton, 3rd Lieutenant, and J. Y. Webb, 1st Sergeant —Captain on reorganization.

It would be interesting to call the roll of these two companies today, but probably not a one of those brave and honorable men who marched away in the sixties to fight the battles of the South, would answer to his name. Many of them were killed, others died in the war from disease, and those who returned home have since died from exposure of that trying ordeal, or from wounds received, and a few have passed away in the quiet of their homes surrounded by relatives and friends. How our hearts bleed with sympathy as we scan the casualty list and read of the dwindling muster rolls after those terrible conflicts, and then think of those young men who left their homes full of life and hope, never to return. It is true we can never tell them how we appreciate their hardships and struggles in that fratricidal war between the states; only memory can reach back to that misty and dark day, but we would say, "Well done thou good and faithful servants,

may glory and honor hover above your silent tents forever."

Through the efforts of Colonel Lewis, the Parish of Webster was organized by taking a part of three parishes, Claiborne, Bienville and Bossier, and a courthouse was built in the town of Minden, in the year 1871. Colonel Lewis was appointed the first judge, but died before assuming his duties, and W. L. Franks, father of Tully Franks, present member of the Police Jury from Ward Three, was named in his place. Judge Franks was a native of Rolla, North Carolina, but was practising law at Milledgeville, Ga. before moving to this parish. L. Q. C. Lamar, probably one of the ablest jurists the South has ever produced, studied law under Judge Franks while he was practising in Georgia. It is a notable coincidence in the making and remaking of Webster Parish that Mr. E. J. Kennon, father of Ed and Floyd Kennon, who lived near Brushy Church, lived in the same house, and at three different times was a citizen, first of Claiborne Parish, then Bienville, and finally Webster Parish. This was caused by the reorganization of the parishes at different times.

It seems that Col. Fort, Sidney Killen, Judge Franks and Rhodom A. Green all moved from Milledgeville,

Ga. about the same time before the war. Col. Fort made his home in Belleview, and the others in and around Minden. This quartet lived long lives in their adopted homes, and were fast friends until theirdeaths. It is really interesting and inspiring to note how those old friends and pioneers remained in sympathy with each other, before and after the Civil War.

The period immediately following the Civil War is one never to be forgotten by the old residents of the South; it was a time full of tragedies, disappointments and heartaches, as men and women went about reconstructing their homes and adjusting themselves to their changed relations. Running through the annals of American history no political or financial condition was ever more embarrassing to the forward looking men of the South, than the one following the Civil War.

During this trying period, two fine young men of Minden, both from honorable and distinguished families, quarrelled over political affairs, and a challenge to a duel was offered and accepted. Clarence Pratt selected as his second L. B. Watkins, later a member of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, and young Lewis, Fred Heath as his second. These two young men who were neighbors, and their seconds, repaired

to the old town site of Overton and there only a few feet apart, with drawn pistols, fought until Pratt went down before the unerring shot of Lewis. According to their ideas and an old code of honor, justice had been vindicated in that tragedy on the old town site. Bob Lewis, who had carried a mattress along in case of injury to himself, now manly offered it to his wounded foe, who was carried back on it to his home where he recovered. How refreshing it is to us today to know that that old code of honor once practised, is now abolished forever.

During those stormy days of Reconstruction, when the bravery of men and women had been crushed and melted in the reign of scalawag and carpet bag rule, Judge Franks was spending the night with one of his legal friends, and during the night Judge Franks had a severe nightmare and hallooed vociferously, "Murder! Murder!" His legal brother, awakening from peaceful slumber, thought all of Governor Kellog's black warriors were on a rampage of arson, theft, and murder, jumped to his feet and out of the window, and in doing so, carried the window frame around his neck as a souvenir of the uneventful occasion. This seems funny to us today, but to men who

slept on their guns at night, expecting to be murdered at any time, the scream of the night walker was enough to strike terror into the hearts of the bravest of men. I sometimes wonder if the younger generation can imagine, much less appreciate, the terror that hung over every white home in the South, because of the dread race war question during the days of Reconstruction. How strange and terrible it seems to us today, as we look back to that period and see honorable, high minded christian men charged with heinous crimes by ignorant and fiendish officers, and carried away from home to be tried by ignorant judges, before hostile juries; and yet this was what was taking place all over the South.

We could hardly pass over this part of North Louisiana history, without saying a few words about W. Jasper Blackburn. When John Waggoner settled in the northern part of Claiborne Parish, a son-in-law, W. Jasper Blackburn, who had been publishing a newspaper in Little Rock, came with him. He, however, settled in Minden, bought a piece of land, and built a cottage in the flat land just north of where Pearl Street runs into College Street. There in his home, he edited and published a paper called, "Public Sentiment," and

also a small magazine. It would seem that he stood well in the community, for he was elected Mayor of Minden when such men as J. D. Watkins, A. B. George and others were on the Town Council. He fell into disrepute because of his sympathy with the Union Cause, and after the war went over to the Republican Party and played quite a prominent part in North Louisiana politics for a number of years. He was elected, or appointed to the House of Representatives and also the Senate, and became the guiding genius for the Republican Party in North Louisiana in the days of Reconstruction.

The people of Minden became so embittered against him that he moved to Homer, and there published the "Homer Illiad" for a number of years. The "Illiad" was published in the interest of the Republican Party, and its editorials were witty, sarcastic, and well written. He was known all over North Louisiana by both men and women for his rabid opposition to the Democratic Party, and because of his Republican policies, through which he sought to organize the negro vote, and thus hold the Republican Party in power. In one of those rallies at Minden, while on the platform making a speech, he came near losing his

life by a shot from a Democrat, who took offense at some statement he made. W. Jasper Blackburn was fearless and brave, fully able to take care of himself, and was therefore a power the Democrats had to reckon with at that time. His literary taste led him into the realm of poetry in his quieter moments, and it has been said by those who read his poem, "Cottage Home Where the Water's Meet" that it was a gem worthy of note. His fearless style of writing brought upon him much opposition and hatred, and though just a mere lad at that time, I caught the public sentiment directed against this vigorous editor and carried it with me to manhood. No doubt W. Jasper Blackburn had many faults, but who among us are perfect? Many years after these trying times, the Hon. Jasper Blackburn made a visit to Homer while I was living there, and I greatly modified my ideas of that stormy petrel of Reconstruction days.

At this time there lived in Homer an old man by the name of Witter, a Dane, a saloon keeper and a Republican, who being a cripple lived and had his meals in the back room of his saloon, and had well nigh ostracized himself from society. In my professional capacity, I had learned to know the old man very well;

and discovered he had some very fine traits of character, worthy of attention, in spite of his bad surroundings. Mr. Witter died just about the time W. Jasper Blackburn came to town, and he hearing of his death, went down to the saloon to see the remains of his old time Republican associate. Mr. Witter had no living relatives, and there were few mourners who came to the back room of his saloon, but the Hon. Jasper Blackburn followed his remains to the cemetery, and there pronounced a fine eulogy to his Danish friend. How often our prejudices and hatreds break upon the rock of common sympathy in the presence of distress and death!

Time, education, and religion have settled the dust of Reconstruction days, made smooth many rough places, and taught the Caucasian how to readjust himself to his changed condition. The negro, just emancipated into this new order of things, with his untutored and unsuspecting mind, was led into all kinds of excesses and vagaries by designing men. He was eventually turned back into the paths of sanity, peace, happiness and life by that same invisible force. The God who sees all things, knows all things, and holds the world in the hollow of His hand, sometimes uses man's

extremity to enlighten him on the many perplexing and disturbing questions of life. Time rolls on, and I believe each cycle carries us a little nearer, and makes us a little more responsive to the thoughts and will of the Great I am.

Modern Minden

Minden High School

MODERN MINDEN

We now come to modern Minden, and so much has been said and written about this period of existence, and in so much better way than it is possible for me to do, that I hesitate to continue this story of this interesting and wonderful little city. However, not to mention some of the high points in the life of modern Minden would smack of derelection of duty on my part and might possibly offend some who are ambitious for the welfare of our city. So, if you will take a jaunt with me around "ye old town," we will see what is going on, and also what has taken place within the last few years, and perhaps some one will say, "Our town is a city."

Charming and attractive homes nestle among embowered trees, surrounded by green shrubs and blooming flowers, and climbing vines meet your eye on every side. Minden, in her gala apparel of Springtime, or the sombre attire of Autumn, is conscious of her beauty and loveliness, and like a bride looking for the return of the bridegroom, awaits the further trans-

forming hand of man and woman to make her the Queen City of North Louisiana.

Much has already been done, and much is still to be done. Minden has had a steady growth for a number of years, but the incoming of the L. and A. Railway Shops, with its officers and complement of skilled workmen, and the usual followers of public works, has carried the town forward by leaps and bounds. It has been said that this plant is second to none in the United States when it comes to equipment, and that nothing has been left undone that modern science can invent or devise in carrying on the work of the plant. I understand that this shop cost the L. and A. Railway around a million dollars for construction. The people of Minden are particularly proud of it aside from any financial benefit—because of the enlarged opportunities it gives for a closer relationship with the officers and employees of the company. Another source of satisfaction to our citizens is the fact that it was located in the home town of its vice president, the lamented F. H. Drake, who did so much in bringing this railroad our way. No man was ever truer to the hopes and aspirations of his home town than F. H. Drake. I have often heard him upon his return home from a business

trip or a vacation, express his pleasure at being back among his friends and he would invariably say that Minden was the best town in all the world.

Our city fathers have not been slow in reading the signs of the times, and have worked wonders in measuring up to the requirements of modern Minden. Good concrete sidewalks thread our city in every direction, and our paved streets and boulevards reflect credit upon our ruling bodies, who have made possible for the outlying districts of Minden, an easy and convenient way of reaching the business section of the city. An abundance of as fine water as can be had anywhere is one of our boasts and that, coupled with a complete sewerage system, gives Minden an asset that defies sickness, and should attract people who are looking for homes of comfort and health. Our electric light plant is sufficient for a much larger town, and there is gas in abundance for heating our homes, cooking our food, and for all kinds of manufacturing enterprises. Our lives and property have been given protection by the purchase and installation of a complete and modern fire system, and with the weekly training of volunteer firemen, under the direction of Fire Chief B. F. Turner, it is almost impossible for a

home to burn to the ground. This firefighting force deserves much praise, and the gratitude of the entire town. A beautiful fire station of Spanish architecture, costing about thirty thousand dollars, is one of the few enterprises pointing to the forward looking and progressive attitude of our ruling bodies.

Our entire business area will soon be filled with brick buildings, and these stores are up-to-date, with fine show windows displaying a modern and complete line of all kinds of merchandise. It can be truthfully said of our merchants that they are progressive, though conservative, and are known far and wide for their honor and integrity. The hotels are barely sufficient to care for the traveling public, but what they lack in modern conveniences, is made up in faithful and splendid table service. Many who have visited the hostelries of our town will long remember the kind and selfsacrificing face of "Aunt Jack," as she is lovingly called. She has been in the hotel business perhaps half a century, and the table she set when considering the price paid, has always been the wonder and comment of traveling men from one part of the country to the other. Long may this faithful and beloved woman live, for she has filled her place well in her day.

Another staunch citizen and business man, who has witnessed the ups and downs of Minden for the last sixty-three years, may be seen on the streets almost any day, tall and erect, like a lone cypress tree defying the elements and the storms of time. Mr. Alberta Glass entered the Civil War in 1862, Company G, 12th Louisiana Infantry, and of the one hundred and forty men of his company, only two survive, the subject of this sketch, and Judson Kimball of Homer, Claiborne Parish. Mr. Glass endured the hardships of soldiering for four years, fighting all over Tennessee, Georgia, and all the Southern states except Florida and Texas, and was present and engaged in the battle of Franklin, Tennessee, where J. B. Hood fought a losing battle, with fearful slaughter to his men, every officer in Company G being killed or wounded except one, and the men mowed down like grain before a harvesting machine. Previous to this battle he was with Joseph E. Johnston in his retreat from Rasacca, Georgia to Atlanta, where he was wounded in a battle near Atlanta known as "Peach Tree Creek." He also fought in the Battle of Columbus, and around Nashville, and in our own state near Baton Rouge. How it heartens and breathes into us new courage and stronger resolutions

to carry out the plans and purposes of life, as we look upon this brave and forward looking man. Here is a strange compromise of youth and old age that keeps Mr. Alberta Glass strong and active, interested in daily affairs, and his face always toward the rising sun.

All modern towns and cities must have banks and newspapers. Minden has three banks, two state and one national, and all of them faithfully serving the public, and at the same time making money for themselves. The two local papers are wide awake, looking well to the diffusion of information throughout the city and the parish. The Signal, an old timer, now the Signal-Tribune, has been recording the social events, educational movements, and the political trend of the parish, state and national affairs for many years. The Minden Herald, a new comer, is succeeding equally well, and is quite a favorite with the people. Clifton and William Harper, editor and publisher, respectively of the above paper, and others of the office force, have been very kind and helpful to the author in the publication of this book.

Minden is the home of the Webb Compress Company, a corporation doing business all over the cotton growing states, and has maintained its offices here

Andress Motors Co.

since the company was first organized. It was invented by Samuel J. Webb and chartered in the year 1896. Since his death, Dr. Robert D. Webb became its president and principal stockholder. This is a corporation that Minden has always been proud of.

Perhaps too little attention is paid to the men of our city who are looking after our agricultural affairs in the parish. It is true every other line of business must revolve around agriculture, and hence the importance of a special interest in its activities. Mr. McBride, Mr. Givens, Mrs. Cooksey and others are giving their time and talents in helping work out agricultural problems, and should receive our full co-operation.

Within the last few years a new line of business has come upon our streets and has sought a division of the trade, by the establishing of agencies for the sale of the different makes of motor cars now on the market. The business of selling cars is as firmly fixed in our industrial life as the selling of drygoods, hardware, drugs and any other kind of merchandise. These agencies are domiciled in imposing and well equipped business houses, and on some of the most important streets of the city. At the intersection of McDonald and North Main street is located in its commodious up-

to-date building, the Andress Motors Company, where the famous Ford cars and accessories are sold. Other agencies are located on different streets of the city.

The sale of more cars creates a greater demand for more filling stations, which demand has been met by our progressive and forward looking men. The latest contribution to this end was made by W. T. Gleason in the erection of a beautiful plant on the southeast corner of South Broadway and intersection of The Dixie-Overland Highway. This station is now under lease and operated by the affable and progressive J. D. Bridges. I doubt if the filling stations of Minden could be excelled any where in the state outside of the larger centers. These stations add very materially to the beauty and convenience of the city, and seem well nigh perfect in their service arrangements. They are operated by men who take pride in giving the best service to their customers.

The bar of Minden has always been one of the ablest in the state. D. W. Stewart, Sr., an old and prominent attorney of this city, in a recent address before the Lions Club, speaking on the Courts of Louisiana said, the Appellate Court was organized in 1879, and that one of Minden's sons had been on the bench continu-

Bridges Filling Station

ously since its organization, beginning with A. B. George, L. K. Watkins, R. C. Drew, Robert Roberts, R. D. Webb, J. E. Reynolds, and now the election of Harmon C. Drew for a period of twelve years. This is a very creditable showing for Minden and Webster Parish, and Attorney Stewart very wisely and thoughtfully suggested to the Lions Club the propriety of appointing a day, in the near future, for a celebration of those historical events. The Fourth Congressional District has elected a Congressman from among our numbers for the last twenty years, Judge John T. Watkins was in Congress for sixteen years, and Congressman John N. Sandlin is now serving his fourth term. Our social, educational, financial, and political record has been an enviable one, such as any parish might well be proud of

On the outskirts of Minden to the south and west are segregated the colored inhabitants, a most important and interesting part of our population. The colored race of Minden and North Louisiana has made wonderful progress since their emancipation, which fact is quite apparent to any fair minded man or woman who has lived among them and watched their development and progress. Their subdivisions in

Minden are known as Warsaw, Shiney, Harrell's Heights and Crichton Hill. In most instances their homes are comfortable and well kept and some of them are imposing and attractive. This class of our citizens love the beautiful as is shown by trailing vines about their premises and flowers blooming in their yards. As a rule they are law-abiding and their leaders are steadily uplifting their race in citizenship, higher standards of morality, and a finer and truer sense of the religious life, and a stronger desire for better educational advantages. The efforts and sacrifices they are making in these directions are astonishing and worthy of note. They have their churches and hold regular church services in all of these subdivisions Sunday after Sunday. Their school plant on the Dixie-Overland Highway in its arrangement and upkeep would be a credit to any community. This school is presided over by Prof. J. L. Jones and a full corps of competent teachers. It is regrettable that the several buildings of this training school cannot be shown in this book. The enrollment of this school is over five hundred pupils, some of whom come from other parishes. Superintendent Jones is a thoughtful and appreciative man and delights to tell of how the white

population of Minden came to his rescue with three thousand dollars which he sorely needed to erect a new building with which to carry on the program outlined. This school is doing a fine work, and making better citizens by furnishing high grade educational advantages.

In the year 1907 a firm of physicians, Longino and Martin, of this city projected a Sanitarium for Minden, organized a company, bought a lot, had plans and specifications made for a building, and raised by subscription a large part of the money needed for the undertaking, but just at that time the money panic of 1907 came on and it was impossible to carry any further the building program. It was therefore, held over for a number of years until finally interest was lost, and the organization became disbanded. The lot was resold and that money and what had been paid into the treasury was redistributed to those who had made cash donations.

However, with the incoming of the L. and A. Railway Shops and the great influx of people to our city the demand for a hospital became more urgent than ever before, and our altruistic and wide awake doctors organized into a Sanitarium Committee, raised the

money necessary with which to build a hospital almost wholly among themselves, and built a beautiful fireproof sanitarium, and it is successfully operating under the able management of Dr. S. F. Martin, President, J. B. Benton, Vice President, C. M. Baker, Secretary, J. D. Kilgore, Treasurer, and W. McDade, Director. This institution is filling a long felt need in this city, and it is a great blessing to Minden and the surrounding country. The Sanitarium is quite an achievement for those far seeing doctors, and they are to be congratulated upon their enterprising activities and should receive the loyal support of the entire profession of the parish and the co-operation and lasting gratitude of all our citizens.

The churches of our city have always been one of Minden's greatest assets. Our people are noted for their religious zeal, liberality in all christian endeavor and charitable institutions. This fact and the advantages and opportunities accruing therefrom make Minden an ideal city in which to live, and a safe place in which to rear and educate a family.

The Presbyterian Church was organized in 1853 but never had a place of worship of its own until the year 1889, when they completed the frame church in which

they worshipped until 1924. At this time the Presbyterians, realizing the inadequacy of their church building to meet modern requirements, tore down their old house and replaced it by the present handsome brick structure, complete in all departments for carrying on all modern church work. This church is now doing a splendid work under the able direction and thoughtful sermons of the Rev. W. F. O'Kelley.

The Methodist denomination is the oldest and has one of the largest memberships in the city. Its membership has already outgrown three church buildings during its existence, and is very much handicapped in its work today because of the lack of church facilities. A brick church was built in 1907 which was thought at that time sufficient to serve the congregation for many years to come, but the membership has outgrown this building and calls for a new one with which to care for its worshippers. A new building has already been proposed and part of the money raised for its erection, and it is only a question of a few months or years at most when a new house of worship will replace the old one. This church has a long and distinguished line of pastors who have presided over its destinies during many years of existence. Rev. Leon

I. McCain has been the efficient and able pastor for the last four years, and the church has grown as much or more during his incumbency as that of his predecessors for an equal number of years. His faithful preaching, christian character, energy and genial nature is an asset any minister of the gospel might covet.

The Baptist Church, a few years younger than the oldest church of Minden, has outstripped all others in the ingathering of members. At present its membership is about twelve or thirteen hundred. The Baptist Church, too, has outgrown one frame structure and a brick building only a few years old. Today it is domiciled on North Broadway in one of the handsomest church buildings in North Louisiana. The building, equipped, cost its members about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The erection of this splendid church plant, with no overhanging debts, was made possible by the late J. G. Ferguson and his admirable wife, who contributed half of the above amount. This sum of money with the contributions of Mrs. F. H. Drake, W. R. Fogle, Bobby Turner, William McBride, Mrs. C. E. Lunsford, Miss Kuma Shealy and many others shows a christian spirit that is worthy of

imitation on the part of other christian denominations. We can hardly think of this church plant and not associate it with the activities of the Rev. D. C. Freeman, who served the Baptist Church so long and faithfully, and projected this great undertaking that resulted in the First Baptist Church of Minden. The Rev. D. C. Freeman, a worthy christian character, finished his work here with the completion of the new church, and like an Arab, quietly folded his tent and moved away to new fields, to do a like good work elsewhere. We cannot forget this quiet but unassuming man of God.

The brilliant Frank Tripp followed up this fine work of Rev. Freeman, organized the Baptist Tabernacle committee and pushed to completion this work of building a thirty-five thousand dollar tabernacle. I must here again give credit to Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Ferguson for the entire contribution that made this enterprise possible for the Baptist Church and the city of Minden. This building has been named the Ferguson Memorial Tabernacle. Rev. C. W. Culp now has charge of this fine church plant. He comes well recommended from a Texas pastorate at Port Arthur, and the short time he has been in our midst he has not

disappointed his members and other religious bodies of the city.

The Episcopalians, Catholics, and the other denominations of the city, while not so numerous and strong as the above named churches, are filling their places of usefulness with credit and distinction, and with all these denominations uniting their forces for good, throw up a bulwark that sin and wrong doing will find hard to overcome.

If I were called upon to point out the most outstanding character in Minden today, it would unquestionably be the Superintendent of Public Education of Webster Parish. The name of E. S. Richardson is so closely interwoven with our parish and city schools that it is impossible to speak of the one without mentioning the other. Two beautiful public school buildings have been erected on the site of the old Female College, and the campus of twenty-three acres has undergone many changes during the administration of the present Superintendent of Education, and the Parish School Board. On the north side, and west of this property ran a winding branch dividing evenly a low, narrow, marshy valley lying between the surrounding hills. This valley overflowed after heavy

rainfalls, was unsightly and afforded a place for the mosquitoes to breed, and besides, the land was needed in the future development of the school property. Superintendent Richardson conceived the idea of converting this strip of land into playgrounds and a ball park for the use of pupils of the Minden schools, and the idea was indorsed and approved by the School Board. It was a great undertaking and it took courage, faith, tact, and good financiering to carry through such an enterprise. The program called for the shifting of the small branch to the west side of the property up against a hill, and then all the valleys to the east to be raised several feet by hauling dirt into it from the surrounding hills and converting it into a broad level plat of land, above high water, and thus adapted for recreational purposes for the student body. The work was watched from week to week, and the skeptical had many misgivings as to the final outcome of the enterprise, but by perseverance and business methods, order and beauty came out of that swampy marsh which had previously been used only for grazing cattle.

Other buildings were then erected at convenient points on the campus, including the home of the principal of the Minden schools, and also the home of

the Parish Superintendent. The arrangement of the school and other buildings was so planned by a landscape artist, that when completed the playgrounds, amphitheatre, and ball park presented a most pleasing symmetry and beautiful appearance. Gov. Brough, while on a visit to our city, and after going over this plant, said in a public address that Minden had the finest natural amphitheatre in the United States, except one in Maine and one in California. He further advised anyone visiting Minden to make it a point to see these beautiful grounds. The citizens of Minden are very proud of this very fine school plant, made possible through the untiring efforts of the Parish Superintendent and the Parish School Board. More than fifteen hundred pupils are being cared for and trained in this one school of Webster Parish. This school unit is under the able manaegment and direction of Prof. J. E. Harper, its principal.

Continuing the remarkable story the Superintendent of Public Education and the Parish School Board, it gives me pleasure to write that the citizens of Minden, the Parish of Webster, and many other parishes of the State of Louisiana became enthusiastic about coordinating the several school units into a parish unit, as

affording the best working policy. This idea is being studied throughout the nation, and E. S. Richardson is in constant demand in many of the states to explain the methods and operations of the parish or county unit as practised in Webster Parish. No doubt the policies applied in this Parish will be accepted, in part or as a whole, in many states of the union when properly inofrmed and understood; at least, the day is not far distant when every school child will have an equal chance with every other child in the public school. Mr. Richardson is a democrat of the democrats, and his desire for the welfare of the children of his parish led him away from the narrow and provincial dogmas of the day into a broader and more liberal application of its principles, seeking equal opportunities for the boy or girl, no matter where they live, or how cruel destiny may have been in their lives.

The wealthier and the less favored wards of the parish pool their funds, which are used by the Superintendent and the School Board in the operations of the schools of the parish, carrying out the idea of equal opportunities for every child, and as has been said, doing away with the penalty imposed on a child

because he happens to live in a thinly settled or poor neighborhood.

Is this idea practical, and will it work? I am not a school man, but it has been my pleasure to watch the operations of this system since its first inauguration in this parish, and I believe I can truthfully say there has been less friction than under the old system. The thirty some odd school houses scattered over the parish, with their one or two teachers to each school, has been replaced with ten brick high school buildings, and with the exception of one, all are fitted up with modern conveniences. They are well located, so that every child in the parish can be served by one of the many school trucks that carry the children to and from school. The moral and mental state produced in the lives of the children of the parish is truly marvelous. I defy any one to visit the schools of Webster Parish and point out the children from the rural sections from those living in the towns. I have tried the experiment at picnics and other public gatherings, but have been unable to make any distinction. They talk and look alike, seem cheerful and happy, are reaching out after the same things in life, and seem about equal in class work, so I have been told. This system of public

school work does not end in the class room, but exerts an influence in the homes of the children and is reflected in the lives of their parents, making better fathers and mothers, neighbors and citizens of the state. The public school proposition has been analyzed so completely by the Parish Superintendent and the School Board that anything I might say only belittles the cause, for the work in the parish must be seen to be properly appreciated.

Another man who holds an important place in the parish and is doing a splendid work is Dr. E. B. Godfrey. This affable, pleasant and accommodating Englishman is none other than the head of the "Health Unit of Webster Parish." The work he has been doing under the supervision of the United States Government, in cooperation with the Webster Parish School Board, is of the utmost importance in making our city and parish a healthy, clean, and safe place in which to live. The Health Board's activity in protecting the school children and others, who have been or may be exposed to communicable diseases, no doubt prevented many cases of sickness and much suffering, and have been a life saving measure that would be hard to estimate.

The annual report of the Health Unit discloses some

remarkable facts about its activities: visits to schools 1500, and homes 1275; lectures 200, miles traveled 36,000; vacinations for smallpox 8088; typhoid fever 2430, and diphtheria 1100. In addition, the sanitation has been looked after in the schools, homes, dairies, and every other place or condition that might give rise to sickness or disease. Laboratory services and food control are also a part of the Health Unit's program. Tuberculosis, trauchoma, pure food and the water supply is carefully looked after. It is a noticeable fact that many diseases once quite common in this section of the country are seldom seen today, and it is largely due to better sanitary measures adopted, prophylactic treatment, and to instructions imparted to the parents, children, and the public in general. Any one acquainted with the ignorance prevailing in this section of the country a few years back, and comparing it with the intelligence and information regarding health conditions today, can easily understand the great work the Health Unit has been doing. From my point of view, this work has kept even pace with all the other constructive forces that have been carrying our parish to the front in this day of competition.

It is always interesting to write of celebrities,

Webster Parish Penal Farm

captains of industry, and men and women of great wealth, and those who take a leading and spectacular part in the communities in which they live. Minden is the home of several celebrities, among whom are Mrs. J. B. Snell, wife of the President of the School Board, and Mr. Gene Austin.

Mrs. Snell, under the title of "Ada Jack Carver," has attained a national reputation as a writer of short stories and plays. Most of her stories deal with the life of the French Creole people of South Louisiana, in and around Natchitoches, and she is very capable of writing about these people, as she knows every phase of their life well, having lived in that part of Louisiana during her early life and up until the time of her marriage. Her play, "The Cajun," was produced in New York City by The Little Theatre of Shreveport, in competition with seven or eight other cities of the South, winning second place, and much favorable comment. Mrs. Snell has received many creditable criticisms by the press, and the various magazines of the country, being spoken of as, "one of the foremost of the new writers of the country," after her first story, "Redbone," was published. She has written many other colorful and interesting stories of the people of South

Louisiana since that time, and as she is still young, we expect to hear more of her in the future. Besides her literary achievements, she is a woman of much culture and charm of personality.

Mr. Gene Austin, a former Minden boy, and now living in St. Louis, and New York, has gained much fame as a musician and singer. His songs sung for the Victor Recording Company are played around the world, and are said to be greater in popularity than those of almost any other artist. He is also a pianist and a composer of note. But in spite of his success and popularity, he does not forget his friends in Minden, coming here often to visit, and to see his mother who lives on Sibley Street.

Today in our jaunt around "ye old town" I would pause for a moment before the humble home where once lived the character of this short sketch. Mrs. Peabody came to Minden from England when but six years old, and has lived here for three-quarters of a century, was long a faithful wife, doing her part well in the support of a family of girls, who later developed into fine and useful women. This unassuming woman knew no harm and was never known to do a wrong thing, but her ministrations of love and helpfulness

are proverbial in this town. There was never a case of need or sickness appealed to her but it met a ready response, to the full measure of her capacity and means. In other days, Mrs. Peabody found time from her busy life to do many noble deeds, and could be seen going here, there, and everywhere when it was possible to be of service to needy and helpless man. She now sits in the shadow of the setting sun of life, in the comfortable home of a daughter, and how refreshing it must be to her to look back upon a life so full of helpfulness and love for others. Could a more fitting close of life come to such a lovable character? I do not see much of Mrs. Peabody these days, but still it is an inspiration and a benediction to me to know that she still lives in town.

I would be altogether unjust and unappreciative did I not take cognizance of the part the women have taken in the building of our town. They have organized into various clubs, and have worked with untiring zeal in making this a healthy and beautiful place in which to live and to rear a family. Need I allude to the fact that the chain of small parks running from the railroad station the entire length of North and South Broadway, a distance of a mile, and the other parks

in town, have been put in order and beautified by our women, and are being kept in order by their untiring efforts and largely at their own expense. Here children can get fresh air and play under the shade of the trees, and provisions have also been made for the older members of society to come at the close of the day of toil and grind and spend awhile in restful recreation. I am sure we do not appreciate the work these clubs have done in providing these beautiful parks, with their trees, flowers, fountains, and all for Minden's good and happiness. It is an asset that cannot be counted in dollars and cents, and possibly some stranger coming into town for the first time will pay the homage due these noble workers. Now here is a class of our citizens that work without pay and spend their own money in helping to make Minden what it should be. They love their town, they love the beautiful, and it would rejoice the heart of every woman in Minden if they could change the rough and unsightly places into those of order and beauty. We, as officials and business men, should give the women all the assistance and help possible in carrying forward their work. They say that nothing would add so much to the beauty of Minden as lighting of the streets, and

also the horse lot in the center of the town is very objectionable and should be removed, and it behooves us as men to work with them in carrying out their ideas. Another eyesore to those lovers of beauty are the telephone poles which reach to the tops of the tallest houses, with ten or fifteen feet above the cable, serving no purpose whatever except to give the business section and other places, the look of houses built in a forest of black, limbless trees. These companies use our streets in their business, but I cannot see why they have the right to mar the looks of our city, when it is hurtful to business, and to the beautifying of our town. Is it because the stockholders of these companies do not live here, and care little how the town looks, just so their enterprise succeeds? If so, should we not have manhood enough to say to them, "Fall in line with our improvements or get off the streets, if you are not for us you are against us."

HUMOROUS

Golfing at Minden

GOLFING AT MINDEN

Golfing had spread from the larger centers to the smaller communities and the rural sections of the country, and Minden was one of the first towns to become engulfed in this modern fad. The devotees and amateurs of this fascinating game, in the absence of a better place to indulge this sport, went into the pastures among feeding cattle and fighting bulls, in fact, it seemed nothing could dampen or lessen the enthusiasm of these ambitious golfers. It was a debatable question at times, which of the two forces contending for the pasture lands were the more conservative and thoughtful, the cows that fed on the succulent grasses, and then lay down under the shade of the trees to rest and ruminate, or the golfers that walked and pranced over the grass by the hour, frantically striking at elusive golf balls, until eventually giving up from sheer fatigue and exhaustion, and oftentimes with a keen sense of disappointment.

Golfing was talked in the hotel lobbies, cafes, offices, streets, and the homes of the people, even the very

air we breathe seemed surcharged with golf enthusiasm. A golf club was hastily organized, money raised, and a nine hole course was laid out, and the grounds made ready for this popular diversion. It was a great day when the course was opened by the promoters and owners of the club. Now it was said here was the place for tired muscles, jaded nerves, mental fatigue, and a poor appetite; a place for complete rest for mind, body and soul. I was laboring under these delusions, and many others absorbed by listening to golf conversations carried on around the town, until I developed a sneaking idea that I needed a course of that wonderful and much lauded sport treatment for my aches, pains and mental complexes.

I was in this state of mind when my friend, Allyn Drew, came into my place of business and began to talk about the game of golf. He discussed the sport so seriously and entertainingly that I became interested, and then he shifted the conversation to the more humorous side, and offered a wager that I could not hit the ball with the golf stick in three strokes, and further trampled on my pride about the need of being a good walker, and very kindly and graciously invited me to go out to the course with him. I had always

had an unreasonable and perhaps cultivated prejudice about the game, for when viewed at first glance the sport seemed childish, a waste of time, and not productive of any real benefit to society. I had seen fine and intelligent business men rush from their office and places of business, as soon as the day's work was over, dressed in comical costumes, with golfing outfits strapped on their backs, and make a grand rush for the golf couruse, as if the weight of empires depended on their going. I had seen the street cars filled with old and young men, cluttered up with golf paraphernalia, had heard their loud and wild talk on their way to the golf course, and I could not refrain the feeling that dignity had been left behind. I had seen healthy, athletic fellows stand in their back yard, and fight the air by the hour, striking with the golf club at some imaginary object, and I had felt and said, "Another good man gone mad." All these things came trooping through my mind, but my friend, Allyn, had wounded my pride, and that together with a strange desire to see things for myself, induced me to accept his invitation and go with him to the golf course.

On the ground, he put a golf stick into my hand,

and bade me knock the ball away down the fairway, but I must stop here to confess that Allyn won the wager, however, that serious setback did not restrain my ardor, and I finally got away from the starting point and slowly kept on going, with my enthusiasm rising with each hole passed. I am reminded of the boy who had just taken his first chew of tobacco, the more he chewed the sicker he got, so it might be said of me the more I played the more enthusiastic I became. I made six holes, not counting the strokes, and prudence suggested that I excuse myself and try to make it back home. By way of encouragement Allyn said it was a game especially provided for the aged and tired and told me about some old man, as best I recollect by the name of John D. Rockefellow, who was a veritable golf fiend ,and many others, which would on another occasion have been quite interesting, but just then his words fell upon barren soil. Some day I may classify myself with those golf notables, but at that time rest and ease was of far more importance to me. Did I enjoy this outing? Oh, yes, I had a fine time striking at the ball and missing it, wading through branches, walking to the point of exhaustion, and hunting balls in the briars and bushes.

Well, was that all there was to my afternoon experience? I should say not, for I came home and as usual with a golfer's craft I began to brag of my successes, to the utter annoyance and complete disgust of my family. I took a bath, ate supper, went to bed and soon fell asleep, but awoke sometime during the night with a dream that I was in a fight with John L. Sullivan, and he had beaten me up very badly, and had finally given me a knock-out blow just under the short ribs on my right side. I awoke, saw no opponent, and things seemed about as usual, then I concluded my wife had struck me in the side with her elbow, although she was sleeping as quietly and peacefully as a well nourished three months old baby; I then diagnosed my case, "painful joints and muscles" caused by too many vicious and fruitless strokes at the elusive golf ball. I took a kind of inventory of myself and found my head was aching, my face and ears burned as if I had been too near a red hot furnace, my feet hurt and seemed entirely too large for my shoes, pains darted through my right arm, and my side throbbed like an unstable piece of machinery. I could then visualize a man who had been in an automobile wreck and dragged along the ground for many feet

with the machine still on top of him, crushing out what little life he might have had left. Do I think I will overcome the day's experience? Oh, yes if I live long enough. Will I play any more golf? The Bible says, "The dog will return to his vomit, and the sow to wallowing in the mire," and taking that as a truth, I think I will be a golfer.

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